

WINTER'S GREAT GAMES FOR FUN AND PROFIT!

FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY.

GOOD STORIES OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1905 by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 17.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

FRANK MANLEY'S ICE CARNIVAL; OR, THE GRANDEST WINTER WEEK ON RECORD.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."



Caught in the dastardly act, Meadon swung around like a beast at bay. "I'll brain the first fellow who gets within reach!" he roared. "Come back, Lucas!" Frank ordered quickly, anxiously.

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CHAPTER I.

"THE DEVIL'S SPECIAL" AT WORK.

"So that's to be an ice carnival? The fools! I'll make it a carnival of hate and fury!"

The speaker, faultlessly dressed, and well set-up, ground a heel angrily as he turned to stride away from a momentary inspection of the busy work going on down at the frozen river in these first few minutes of daylight.

This young man's face was darkly handsome, yet in his eyes at this moment an observing onlooker would have read cool craft backed by a purpose that was grimly diabolical.

"Oh, they shall have a carnival!" he gritted, half aloud, and he was heard by the rough-looking man at his side.

"I'm glad you're against them, and not against me, Mr. Duval," said the other, gruffly, yet half fawningly.

"It usually goes hard with those I am against, eh, Jimpson?" demanded young Gaston Duval, with a harsh laugh.

"Do you remember what I called you once—'the devil's special agent?'"

"Yes. Well, do I continue to deserve that name?"

"You certainly do."

"Yet I'm not such a bad fellow, Jimpson, when people keep out of my way. It's only when some upstart gets right in my path that I——"

"Have any need for me," finished Jimpson, with a grin.

Through the ice on the river a channel had been cut. Men were now busy floating cakes of ice down this channel and hauling them out of the water at a point near where the walls of a great building of ice had begun slowly to go up.

But Gaston Duval and his rough-looking companion turned their backs on this scene of industry as they tramped rapidly out of the town to the river road that led over to Bradford.

Here, in a double sleigh, two young men—one of them not more than a boy—awaited them.

As Duval and Jimpson entered the sleigh, one of the pair who had waited for them touched up the horses, and the four were driven rapidly along the deserted road.

"We'll undoubtedly see Frank Manley up above the bend," spoke Duval, as they road along over the crisp snow on that cold morning just after Christmas. "I'll point him out to you fellows, and it'll be up to you to find a chance to knock him out. After that you know where to take him."

"This Manley is an athlete, ain't he?" spoke up one of the men on the front seat.

"Well, a little that way," smiled Duval. "He's captain of the Woodstock Juniors—the Up and At 'Em Boys, they call themselves. They're quick to fight, when they're cornered, these Woodstock boys, and they're hard hitters."

"We'll get him, all right," bragged the one who had just spoken.

"You won't do it by boasting about it," retorted Duval, quickly.

"They're all right—this pair of ducks," volunteered Jimpson, nodding at his pair of "helpers."

Gaston Duval was one of the strangest types of young humanity to be met with anywhere.

He was an orphan, nineteen years of age, and belonged to one of the best-known Creole families of New Orleans.

Rich in his own right, Gaston was the nephew and ward of Claude Duval, a man who had spent his whole life in self-indulgence.

Claude Duval lived most of the time in Paris, and Gaston had spent many years in that city of rapid vice.

But Claude Duval had insisted on two things for his nephew—an athletic training and a course at Yale.

Failing in his entrance examinations at Yale, Gaston had come to Woodstock, for the purpose of preparing for the next examinations by a course in Dr. Holbrook's Academy, which was also attended by Frank Manley and several others of the Up and At 'Em Boys.

Duval had instantly taken a dislike to Frank Manley. There had been some bitter passages between the boys, and Duval, sooner than make friends with one whose popularity he envied, had tried to do grievous harm to the captain of the local junior athletes.

This had gone so far that Duval, on Christmas night, had actually laid a mine of railway dynamite in the cellar of Manley's home, and was in the act of exploding this charge by means of a fuse, when caught by Manley.

But Frank, full of the Christmas spirit, and believing that there was better stuff in Duval that could be brought out, had allowed him to go free.

How Gaston appreciated this liberality can be guessed from the work in which we now find him engaged.

Hardly had Duval and his companions driven out of Woodstock, when Frank, and his chum, Hal Spofford, came down to the ice together.

For some minutes, after fastening on their skates, they glided around, watching the workmen.

Then Frank started off up the river alone, Hal preferring to wait and watch the men a few minutes.

Others of the Up and At 'Em Boys were already on the ice, but they had headed off up the river toward Bradford.

Hence, when our hero rounded the first bend above Woodstock, he found himself alone on the ice at this point.

"There'll be enough here soon," reflected Frank. "We ought to have a good hockey shindy this morning."

He skated over toward the Butler cottage, a summer residence which the boys had secured as a clubhouse during the ice sports season.

A hole in the ice, some four feet in diameter, attracted his attention, and toward this Manley skated.

"Chopped through with axes," muttered Frank. "Such a big hole tells its own story. Fellows out just before daylight to dynamite the water and bring the dead fish up by wholesale. It's unsportsmanlike to drag a river of its fish in that wholesale manner, and it ought to be stopped."

The water that had lain in this hole in the ice was just beginning to skim over.

"It hasn't been left that way more than an hour," muttered Frank. "I wish we could catch the fellows who do such tricks!"

He had not a glimmer of a suspicion that, at this very instant, it would be far better to look after other fellows who were up to far more dastardly tricks.

For, over on the shore, Duval had hidden his rig behind a barn, and he and his rough-looking companions were eagerly watching the movements of the solitary Manley.

"That's the very fellow, now," spoke Duval, coolly, yet with marked eagerness in his voice. "If you could only get him now——"

"We can," gruffed one of Jimpson's helpers.

"Do it, then!"

The two rough-looking young fellows, each with a club in his hand, had not far to go.

Stepping out from behind the barn, they walked briskly down to the ice.

"Good morning," hailed one of them to Manley, as they stepped out on the ice.

Frank looked at them sharply, after returning the greeting. He wondered if they were the culprits who had been dynamiting fish.

"This one of your enterprises?" asked Frank, pointing to the hole, as the pair drew near.

"Nope."

"It's mean work that some one is doing, killing fish off by the dozen with each shock of dynamite," uttered Frank, indignantly.

"That's what it is," assented one of the pair.

He stood beside Manley, looking down at the big, tell-tale hole in the ice, while Manley discoursed upon the lack of sportsmanship of one who would dynamite fish.

The other rough walked off, then moved behind Manley.

But our hero, all unsuspecting, was still talking, when——

Whack!

A blow from a club felled him. He lay on the ice unconscious.

"Whee! You must have killed him," uttered the other rough, uneasily.

"Nope."

"Now, where do we take him?"

"Here comes Duval. He'll tell us."

Gaston was, indeed, darting for the ice as fast as he could come. He fairly whizzed on his shoes out over the frozen surface.

"Good work!" he clicked, swiftly. "And not a soul to see, either. Now, we'll get the young upstart out of this. Help me lift him."

They obeyed. Duval seizing the unconscious Manley by the cloth at his waist-line.

"This way!" ordered Duval, indicating by a toss of his head. "Quick as lightning."

As they hurried away, their course led them close to the hole in the ice.

Just as they were passing, Duval lurched, throwing his whole weight toward the hole.

He did it with such effectiveness, too, that Manley's body was hurled from the clutches of the other two carriers.

Head-first, the unconscious Manley was shot at the hole in the ice.

Head-first, that senseless body, with so much propelling force, shot under the ice.

Duval had acted wildly, on a sudden impulse. He had not planned that the crime should go so far.

But he had done it, in a moment's blind fury. He was a murderer now, for nothing remained to indicate Manley's whereabouts except a few bubbles that rippled up through the water.

"Great Smoke!" chattered one of the roughs. "We're in for it, now!"

"Not if you're quick enough, and still enough about it!" thrilled Duval. "But scot for all you're worth!"

They needed no urging. Those roughs ran as if Satan himself were after them.

Duval, too, after a hasty glance about, ran after them.

But, as he dashed onward, there was a strange, malignant look of satisfaction in the eyes of that reckless dastard.

CHAPTER II.

THE TROUBLE TRIO GO ON RECORD.

Just one horrified boy had witnessed the finale of that awful scene.

Hal Spofford, who had skated into a tiny cove to adjust one of his skates, had been too occupied to witness the assault on Manley.

But, turning, as he got on his feet again, and looking through the thick fringe of bushes that screened him from view, Hal was in time to see his chum's header through the hole in the ice.

He had caught a glimpse, too, of Frank's red skating cap, and so he knew who the victim of the crime was.

For an instant Spofford felt his brain reeling.

Then the needs of the situation nerved him to action.

With a great leap forward Hal shot out of the cove and headed frantically up the river.

Duval and his companions had already vanished. But Hal was heedless as to them.

As he sped wildly up the ice, he drew out the signal whistle which he carried as lieutenant of the elub.

His shrill, desperate signals went far and wide over the ice in the still morning air.

In almost less time than it takes to tell it, Hal was at the edge of the hole. He had thrown himself forward, landing on his knees.

Nothing was to be seen of his chum's body.

Once more Hal's shrill whistle sounded in agonized appeal.

From up the river came an answering shout.

Foster, Cranston and Lueas were in sight. The Trouble Trio they were called, from the fact that they generally travelled together, and always in the adventurous hope of encountering trouble.

One look Hal took at them, then dropped himself into the freezing water.

With one sustaining hand on the edge of the ice, Hal went under, staring hard for a glimpse of his chum's body.

But it was dark there, under the ice, in the still dim morning light.

Hal could see only shadows. He was not sure whether, beyond them, he could distinguish his chum's body.

With a sob of agony Hal came up for breath. The Trouble Trio were almost upon him.

"Manley was assaulted—thrown in here—that's our, Duval!" flashed Hal, brokenly.

The Trouble Trio understood in a twinkling.

"Get out of there," urged Foster, who was the brains of this energetic trio. "Hold us, while we go under there in a chain. If Frank Manley's there, we'll get him out! Come out, Hal! We need you to direct from the ice!"

As he spoke, Dick Foster slid into the water with the recklessness of a veteran trouble-hunter!

"Get out of that, Hal," ordered George Lucas, more roughly, as he followed his chum like a flash into the hole.

It didn't take Spofford more than a couple of seconds to clamber out of the hole.

Cranston was in by the time that Spofford was out.

"Give me your hand, Cranston," ordered Hal. "Foster, take Cranston's other hand. Lucas, get hold of Foster's spare hand. The current runs south, and toward the shore. Get your lungs full of air, and head that way, quick!"

Lucas, holding to Foster's hand, dove under the ice. Foster followed him.

Last of all went Cranston, until the only portion of him visible was the arm to whose hand Hal held with both his own.

Then followed moments of agonized suspense for Hal Spofford.

When he had about given up hope there came a convulsive grip of Cranston's hand.

Feverishly Hal dragged him back to the surface.

After him came Foster, and after him that last link in this human chain, George Lucas.

And Lucas, with his otherwise disengaged hand, gripped tightly the collar of the lifeless Frank Manley.

Lifeless?

They had the inert body out on the ice in a jiffy.

There was no barrel at hand over which to roll their recovered captain.

But these Up and At 'Em Boys had other tricks for getting water out of a drowning man.

They laid Manley on his face, while Hal felt quickly for the third section of Manley's backbone from the base.

Against this Spofford struck twice and hard with an iron-like knuckle.

Water came in two or three quick gushes through Manley's lips.

He even opened his eyes languidly, though he appeared dazed.

"Hurrah!" quivered Hal. "Make him sit up!"

In this the Trouble Trio gave good help. They raised Manley to a sitting position, working his arms windmill fashion until he gushed out more water and then began to breathe.

"Get him up on his skates, and make him start!" vibrated Hal. "Don't try to talk, Frank, old fellow! Just slide on your skates as we take you along!"

With Cranston and Lucas on either side, and Foster just behind, the Trouble Trio got their captain started down the river, sliding along on his skates and leaning on them.

Hal skated along just to the right, overjoyed at the turn of the adventure, yet eagerly watching his captain's face.

Around the bend, Manley began to strike out a little. It was good for him. In his frozen condition he needed exercise.

"He's able to go alone now!" cried Hal, as Manley began to strike out with more vigor. "Let go of him!"

As the Trouble Trio fell away, Hal glided in close to his chum, taking the nearer hand.

Manley, though skating well at last, was silent. Hal did not try to get him to talk.

But they hurried down the river, past the beginnings of the ice palace, and so on up to the little dock close to the gymnasium of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club.

Frank sat down on the dock, Lucas having his skates off in a trice.

Hal, also with his skates off, turned to his chum.

"Quick, old fellow! Up to the gym for a rub-down. We all need one."

At the door they were just in time to meet a dozen of the fellows coming out with their skates.

But a word carried the whole crowd back to the locker-room.

Manley and the sharers in his adventure stripped, with the aid of other eager hands.

Then the rub-down was fast and furious!

"I'm all right, now," laughed Manley, at last. These were the first words he had spoken since coming down the river.

To prove that circulation and animation were fully restored, Frank sprang to his locker, where he quickly donned a gymnasium rig.

Then out on the floor of the gym he bounded, and up the steps to the gallery running track.

Hal and the Trouble Trio followed suit.

Manley made two miles before, glowing, he came to a stop so suddenly that Hal almost collided with him.

"Now, tell me what happened, if you saw it all," ordered Frank.

So Hal told what all the wondering boys on the gym floor below knew by this time.

"Duval?" cried Frank. "That fellow? And after the kindness I showed him?"

"What are you going to do?" asked Hal, anxiously, as Manley turned and walked briskly to the stairs.

"I'm going to ask Jackets to go up to my house for a dry suit of clothes."

"And then?"

"I'm going to try to see Duval!"

Hal almost recoiled. There was a look in Frank Manley's usually kindly face—a look that was not often there.

He followed his chum down in silence as Manley called his protégé in training, clever little Jack Winston, and told him what was wanted.

Jackets was off in a twinkling.

The other boys gathered about, but none of them spoke. They knew that Manley knew the truth by this time, and they took their cue from Hal's own silence.

Joe Prescott, second lieutenant of the club, had been boxing with Lon Humphrey, his "understudy" in the "manley art."

These two were alway at boxing when in the gym. They were two of the quickest and hardest hitters in the club, from which fact they had gained the nickname of "the Biff Twins."

"Now, see if you can't do some real feinting," suggested Joe, as he and Humphrey turned their attention once more to the gloves.

They sparred cautiously for a few interchanges, and then Humphrey suddenly led off quickly with his left, withdrew it, and landed his right so heavily on Joe's jaw as to send that lieutenant to the floor.

"That what you meant?" grinned Humphrey, as Joe, laughing, sprang to his feet.

"If you don't mind, Humphrey, let me have the gloves for a round or two," begged Frank, quietly.

He and Joe sparred until our hero began to feel again wonderfully close to the "pink of condition" that should always belong to an athlete.

Jackets was back soon, with the required clothing. Another boy had brought a dry outfit for Hal.

"Let me go with you," begged Hal, as the two chums dressed in the locker-room.

"I'd rather not, this time," said Manley, quietly. "It might look as if I were afraid to meet Duval alone."

"But what if he has others with him?" remonstrated Hal.

"I don't care," was Manley's only answer.

So Spofford stood back as Manley left the gym. The

other youngsters who followed Manley in everything where he led, looked on curiously, but said nothing until our hero was out of the building.

Frank went direct to the hotel. Duval, who was freely supplied with money, lived there. Frank knew his room on the third floor, and mounted the stairs, then treading the corridor until he came to the door.

He knocked smartly.

"Come in," ealled Duval's rather lazy voice.

With a jerk Manley swung the door open and entered. His faee was hard and set, his eyes blazing ominously as he faced the Creole.

"You—you?" stammered Gaston. He was fairly enough taken abaek in the first instant of surprise, and gripped all the harder at the iron dumb-bells with which he had been taking his exercise.

"Don't let me interrupt you, if you are busy, just now," suggested Manley, ironically.

"I was a little surprised," went on Duval, glibly and coolly. "I will admit that I hardly expected a call from you. After that affair at your house I did not think you would eall on me."

"Let us eut all that out!" retorted Manley, briskly.

"Why, by' all means," retorted Gaston Duval, with a sudden, sunny smile that showed the depth of nerve of which the fellow was eapable. "If you're willing to forgive and forget, I ought to be willing to help you."

At this insolence, Frank felt the hot blood surging to his faee. Then just as suddenly, he resolved to fight Duval with his own style of eoolness.

Both of the windows of the room were open for Gaston's exercise bout. Manley walked to one of the windows, took a few deep, long breaths of the frosty air, and then turned once more to meet his enemy's glanee.

"I might as well tell you," went on Manley, slowly and eoolly this time, "that no amount of lying or treachery on your part will help you any. I know all about your attempt this morning. You did your best to murder me!"

"I?" eried Duval, in amazement, coming eloser to our hero and looking searchingly into Frank's eyes. "Manley, have you gone erazy?"

"Never will be any more sane than I am now," retorted Frank.

"And you mean to say——"

"That you tried to murder me this morning!"

The two splendid young athletes eyed each other squarely in a thrilling moment's pause.

In the courtyard below sounded the steady serape, serape, serape of a snow shovel that some one was wielding.

"Manley, do you mean what you said?" eried Duval, at last.

"Every word!" was the cool reply.

Then, swift as the lightning flashes, an ugly, passionate, yellow light danced in Gaston Duval's dark eyes.

He was close enough. Manley stood close to the open window.

Both of the Creole's hands shot out in a tempest of anger.

Frank Manley staggered before the unexpected, fiendish assault.

With a short gasp of utterly heedless rage, Duval flung his enemy forcibly baekward.

There was not an instant's time for Manley to save himself.

With a ery of sudden, realizing terror, Frank fell through that third-story window, lunging, head down, for the ground below.

And Duval?

With that same mocking smile again, the young Creole stepped swiftly across the room to his door. He opened it and glided down the eorridor.

CHAPTER III.

INTO THE FACE OF MASKED DEATH!

When one is dashing to instant death, almost ages can pass in a second or two.

Frank Manley, with the sickening thought that he was heading to his death, had yet the presenee of mind to try to turn a somersault.

He sueeeded just before he landed—softly and mushily in a heap of snow that had been piled up by an industrious darkey clearing out the court.

"De Lawd hab mussy!" gasped the astounded blaek man, as this amazing human projectile shot through the air and landed not six feet away from him.

But Frank, after the first jolt, forced an air of ealmness.

"The Lord did have merey that time, Jasper," smiled the white-faeed young athlete, as he stepped out of the soft, white pile that had broken his fall.

"But how it happen, Marse Manley?"

"Careless enough to fall," returned Manley, with pretended indifference. "Jasper, that shows the value of physieal training. An athlete knows how to fall."

Before the astonished darkey could think of more to say Manley stepped through the court and into the passage that led past the hotel office. Inside, he heard Gaston Duval's well-trained voice eomplaining:

"What's the matter with the bells in this hotel, elerk? I have a guest up in my room, and I've been ringing and ringing."

"A guest in his room?" repeated Manley, to himself, with a bitter smile. "Then, when he goes upstairs again he'll pretend to be amazed at my absence! Great Dewey! How is one to meet a colossal cheek like that. Gaston Duval, I shall have to rise early and do a heap of thinking before I see my way to dealing with a raseal of your very great caliber!"

Frank passed on out of the hotel, and, still outwardly calm, went to his home.

The ice palace was finished the next day at noon.

So, too, was the toboggan chute that ran down the slope from the summer hotel to the river's edge.

And other pleasures of the snow and ice there were in abundance, for Frank Manley's Up and At 'Em Boys of Woodstock had planned for the grandest winter week that had ever been seen in that section.

Quite a bit of the money in the club's treasury had been expended upon labor and material, and now the enterprise was open for the public—or would be soon after nightfall.

Woodstock, alone, could not furnish patronage enough for this daring scheme of the ice carnival; but with the aid of visitors from the towns around it was hoped to make the affair a huge success.

The affair was to start, or rather, to be advertised, at half-past three in the afternoon, by some swift skating matches just up above the bend.

Woodstock sent more than a thousand people up the river that afternoon to see the races. Other towns sent nearly three hundred more, who had come to town bent on seeing the ice carnival.

Hal was to race Gus Hepnak, lieutenant of the Bradfords, over a straight-away mile course. Joe was to attempt a two-mile dash with Leeson, Bradford's strongest fellow. Jackets was to begin the races with a fast quarter against Shirley of Bradford.

And Frank, too, was to show his speed on skates, yet not against his old-time rival, Tod Owen, captain of the Bradfords.

Against our hero a new aspirant for honors had come in the person of Potter, of the Rutherford Junior Athletic Club.

The Rutherfords had put up stiff baseball in the summer, and now they claimed to have a champion worthy of meeting Manley on the ice.

All the starts were to be made up the river, and the finishes at a line below the winter clubhouse.

All starts were to be made by watch, so that the finishes would follow each other in exciting fashion.

And old Hek Owen, father of Tod, and keen lover of sport, was to be the judge in charge at the finish line.

Just at the stroke of half-past three the waiting crowd heard a starter's pistol, then saw Jackets and Shirley get into swift motion up the ice.

A quarter-mile race is almost whizzed over and through.

For a brief spell the spectators looked at the swiftly-moving figures, close together.

"Jackets!"

"No! Bradford's boy!"

Truth to tell, it looked like either's race, so close together down the ice did they come.

Then Jackets began slowly, stealthily to gain. He went over the finish line some ten yards ahead of the Bradford boy.

"Same old Jackets!"

His face, flushing with pride, Jackets skated back and over toward the clubhouse.

"Here they come!"

And now the crowd began to realize the excitement of these quickly finishing races, for Hal and Hepnak were now in sight, speeding onward for all that was in them.

Hal was breathing heavily; his face was hot with the flush of humiliation.

For Spofford despised Hepnak. Yet that Bradford lieutenant had gained a lead of some dozen yards, which all Hal's efforts seemed powerless to break down.

They went over the line, Gus still in the lead, and nearly every one present was sorry for the popular Hal.

But soon another great cheer went up, for there was Joe flying around the bend above, with no Leeson in sight.

Whatever Hal had lost, Joe was more than making up for the honor of Woodstock.

Leeson came into sight at last, but fully two hundred yards behind Prescott.

It was in this style that they finished, Leeson being unable to close up any of the gap.

There was great Woodstock cheering, of course. Then all eyes were turned up the river for the first glimpse of Manley and Rutherford's champion.

They were due to come into sight soon, and how Woodstock hoped for Manley's victory!

One stout little believer in him was certain that he would win. That was Frank's sweetheart, Kitty Dunstan, who, well-covered under fur robes, sat in a cutter on the shore beside her silent father.

In another cutter, considerably further up the river, sat Manley's arch enemy. At Duval's side sat Jimpson, acting, apparently, as driver.

"Your fellow, Meadon, won't lose his nerve, will he?" demanded Gaston, slowly, as they watched the ice.

"Who? Meadon?" echoed Jimpson. "He ain't the kind to lose his nerve! If he was, he wouldn't have stayed around after yesterday morning's business! No, sir; you trust Meadon. It's the stuff you want to be doubtful about, if anything."

At mention of the word "stuff" Duval glanced out over the river's frozen, glassy surface.

Through the icy surface, in the deep of the night before, Jimpson and his roughs had sawed a line through the ice from a given spot to the shore.

That slim crevice had frozen again, leaving no trace to the ice. Yet the crevice had been large enough to permit the passage of an insulated wire that ran from the middle of the river to the woods on shore.

And now, under the ice in the middle of the river, floated a heavy wooden box.

That box enclosed a thick glass bulb in which rested a quantity of nitro-glycerine.

From the bulb, as from the box, ran the insulated wire. It extended to the shore, and thence somewhat into the woods on the side of the river away from Woodstock.

At the end of the wire, battery and switch-bar under his hand, crouched Meadon, the ready and desperate tool of Jimpson.

It was an evil plot, fully worthy of "the devil's special." It was a plot that almost certainly would baffle detection afterward.

"The only thing that can throw the kibosh on us will be a poor battery or a faulty wire," said Jimpson, thickly.

"Your voice doesn't sound just right, my man," smiled Duval, queerly. "Are you beginning to feel afraid?"

"Me? Afraid?" growled Jimpson, as he swished the whip in the air. "Mr. Duval, you know my record?"

"Perhaps it's because I do know your record so well that I'm not afraid to trust you with my secrets," laughed Gaston, easily.

"Here's Manley!" yelled a sharp-eyed spectator.

Duval turned almost with a start, though his face was as calm as his eyes were suddenly glowing.

If the Creole felt a thrill of horror or tardy regret, as he glanced up the river and saw that splendid athlete, Manley, darting down the river on his glistening steel runners—then not even Jimpson was able to suspect it.

How the crowd cheered now! For Potter, Rutherford's much-boasted champion, was not yet in sight.

"Oh, it isn't to be exciting!" cried Kitty, disappointedly, as she rose in the cutter for a better view. "But isn't Frank skating wonderfully, papa?"

"From any point of view Manley is very wonderful," retorted Mr. Dunstan, drily. But Kitty did not see the twinkle in her father's eyes. John Dunstan had long been aware of Frank's very ardent attentions to his daughter. At first he had strongly disapproved. But of late Mr. Dunstan had begun to wonder if Kitty's affections were not being very sensibly placed.

"Take your time, Manley!" cheered the onlookers, as Potter at last came into sight, a quarter of a mile to the rear. "You can take off your skates and win out!"

But Frank Manley was not the type of athlete to loaf at the finish, even when he could safely do so.

He came on splendidly, strongly, swiftly.

Duval's eyes gleamed a little more intensely as he saw Frank approach the masked line of death.

Then there came upon the air a dull rumbling, followed by a smothered boom that was not exactly like a report.

But the wondering hundreds of onlookers heard the ice crack sharply.

Then a wondering shriek went up from the hundreds of throats as they saw the great fragments of ice fly upward, leaving a great dark rent in the ice.

They saw Frank Manley hurtled helplessly up, then fall a limp, bleeding mass to disappear under the dark waters!

Kitty Dunstan, pale with terror, had leaped from the sleigh without a word from her father.

She sped to the edge of the ice, then ran out upon it.

On all sides were tumult and fright.

But Hal Spofford had not lost his wits.

"Come on, fellows!" he bellowed, making himself heard over all the noise.

He himself was off like a flash for the great rent in the ice.

Others started almost as quickly, while, from up the river, Potter of the Rutherfords was speeding to the most exciting finish he had ever seen.

So a dozen, at least, were swiftly at the scene of the disaster.

Manley's form had reappeared above the water.

His arms and legs were moving indolently. It looked as if he were making a merely instinctive effort to keep himself afloat.

"Can you get in here, old fellow?" quivered Hal, halting at the broken edge of the ice.

Manley heard, and tried, without a word. But Hal, after watching him for a moment, sat down and whisked off his skates.

This done, he rolled over into the black water, striking out lustily for his young captain.

"No more go in the water," ordered Joe, as he saw others taking off their skates. "It isn't necessary."

So the Up and At 'Em Boys waited where they were, ready to give a hand at the right moment.

A crowd of onlookers had skated up the ice, and more were hurrying along on foot.

Kitty Dunstan was on hand, but now the color was coming back to her pretty face.

"Ready!" called Hal, as he skated close with his young captain. "Take Frank and carry him as quickly as you can to the clubhouse. Carry him, and make good time."

"Oh, he must be badly hurt, then!" thrilled Kitty, miserably, to herself.

Ready hands pulled Manley out of the water. He was conscious, and tried to smile.

"I'm—all—right," he announced, faintly.

But half a dozen of the fellows caught him up, nor did they lose a second in starting fleetly down the river.

Joe knelt, to help Hal out of the water. Then, hand in hand, the two lieutenants started in the wake of their captain, though not until Hal had found a chance to whisper to Kitty:

"I hope he isn't seriously injured. We'll know mighty soon."

"Hurry up, for you're badly drenched," replied Kitty. "I'll follow you."

Very soon indeed they had Manley stripped of his wet clothing, rolled in blankets and lying on a couch in one of the rooms of the cottage that served as winter clubhouse.

"Oh, I'm going to be all right, fellows," Manley assured them. "It was just the shock of being hurled up into the air. Nothing struck me except a sort of concussion. What-

CHAPTER IV.

DUVAL GETS A RIDE NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

"The ice has broken!"

"Manley's hurt!"

"He's drowning!"

ever it was, it hurled me up and jolted all the breath out of me."

"What on earth could have made the ice break like that?" demanded Joe.

"It felt like an explosion," declared Manley.

"And it sounded like one, only it was muffled."

"I believe there was an explosion," murmured Frank, in a voice that only Joe caught.

"But who——"

"Guess!"

Joe started, then looked earnestly into his captain's eyes.

"If Duval was behind that," uttered Prescott, "the quicker we lynch him the better it will be for Woodstock!"

"I don't say that he did do it," went on Manley.

"But you suspect him!"

"I don't quite understand how the ice could have broken in the way that it did without explosives."

"And, if explosives were used in an effort to injure you," growled Joe, "Gaston Duval is the only cur dirty enough to do a thing like that!"

"Don't say a word about it," begged Manley. "Not unless we get hold of something like proof."

"But Hal?"

"Oh, of course, we'll tell him."

Spofford came in at this moment, after having had a good rub down. Now, he, too, was wrapped in blankets.

"Out of here, everybody else, please," ordered Joe. "Don't tire Frank out with your curiosity."

Then the three chums went into earnest confab over the suspicion of Duval.

Manley could not talk too much. Though he had had no bones broken, he was still weak from the jolt that he had received.

But Joe hurried out soon, to carry a bulletin of cheer to Kitty and to hundreds of others who were anxious as to the young athlete's condition.

Not one word, though, did Joe speak of the fearful suspicion that had come up.

Most of the spectators believed that a sudden closing of the dam below Woodstock had sent back such a pressure of water as to cause the ice to break at its weakest point.

But Joe Prescott fastened on his skates and hurried off up the river to the scene of the accident.

"It looks as if that ice had been broken by an explosion," he muttered.

He looked for evidences of an explosion, such as pieces of a dynamite shell, or splinters of a box that might have held explosives.

Failing here, he searched the woods along either bank.

But here, too, he was unsuccessful.

Dark came on before Joe gave up the hunt.

"I haven't found any evidence, but I haven't changed my mind," muttered the club's second lieutenant. "I still believe that Duval was behind this. It's a pity we can't lynch him!"

As Joe skated down toward the clubhouse, he found the ice thereabouts all but deserted.

But close in shore, at the little dock where the boys put on their skates, Joe found seven or eight of the Up and At 'Em Boys. They had their skates off, and were talking over the queer finish to the afternoon's races.

"You'll find that a bomb was used to break that ice," predicted Cranston, with a knowing air.

So the suspicion had gotten into other minds, then?

In the darkness, Joe skated closer to hear what the fellows were saying.

"If it's that fellow, Duval," began George Lucas.

"Yes, it is I," spoke a cool voice behind them.

Joe had seen the newcomer approaching, but had paid no particular attention to him.

Now, as the other youngsters started and turned round, Duval came over the snow to the dock.

"I heard my name spoken, I thought?" he asked.

"Maybe you did," growled Cranston.

"Pleasantly, then, I hope?" sneered Gaston, looking from face to face.

"See here, Duval," grumbled Lucas, defiantly, "when we speak of you, we don't make any pretense of speaking pleasantly."

"Oh? No?" asked Duval, coolly.

"We don't care about having you around," went on Lucas. "This land happens to be hired by the club. You don't belong to the club."

"Which, I suppose," insinuated the Creole, "is one way of telling me that I'm not wanted here?"

"You never are," retorted Lucas. "We have no use for you!"

"You're talking bravely," laughed Duval. "Did your little friends here put you up to it?"

"I can say what I want to for myself," muttered this reckless member of the Trouble Trio, leaping to his feet and walking up close to Duval.

"You need some good manners," sneered Duval.

"I don't want any of the kind that you could teach."

"Perhaps I could give you a good idea in boxing, then," challenged Duval, with laughing impudence.

"How?" flared Lucas.

"This way!"

Dropping his skates, Duval led off at Lucas.

But George ducked, and came back so quickly that the Creole narrowly avoided a crusher on his nose.

Then the two sailed in—in earnest.

Lucas was no match for his antagonist, but he lasted a little while before Duval caught him on the jaw and sent him spinning to the ground.

Then, like a flash, the Creole wheeled and struck Cranston an unprovoked blow under the ear that made him sprawl.

"Shame!" thundered Joe. "Why don't you take some one of your size—you cur?"

Duval's face flushed, then became deadly white.

Joe was standing there, tantalizingly ready.

Then they went at it in earnest, but soon both clinched, and they rolled in the snow.

"Give it to him now!" yelled Cranston, jumping into the scrimmage. "Stop hitting him, Joe! We'll give him a ducking!"

Like wild-fire the idea caught. They had stood too much of Duval's impudence and bullying, and now the suspicion was added that he had exploded the ice and deserved neither mercy nor fair play.

The shouts of the youngsters brought others running from the clubhouse.

A half a dozen fellows at once pinned Duval to the ground, and held him there despite all his struggles.

Others brought snow—great quantities of it.

During the next three minutes Duval's face was "washed" indeed!

In addition, handfuls of snow were forced down the back of his neck.

His sleeves were filled up with it.

The victim of this old-fashioned punishment fought, bit, kicked, swore—but all to no purpose.

"I'll pay you back for this outrage, every one of you!" he chattered.

But resistance and threats only brought him a bigger dose of the torment.

Suddenly Duval, having wriggled himself half free, aimed a vicious blow with one foot at Joe's head as the latter bent over him.

Joe barely dodged, then turned to Foster and growled:

"Help me hold his feet until we tie them!"

The tying was quickly accomplished. Then Lucas, looking on, got a brilliant idea that sent him scurrying off over the ground.

He came back at a gallop, carrying a fence rail.

"Slip this between the dude's legs and make him sit on it!"

"That's it—give him a ride on a rail!"

"Don't you dare try it!" screamed Duval, hoarsely.

But it was just what they did do.

Joe, smiling, managed to thrust the rail between Duval's legs.

Others, holding his arms, forced him to a sitting posture.

"Up with the rail!" ordered Joe.

And up went the rail, one end resting on the shoulders of two of the boys, and the other end receiving similar support.

And now Gaston Duval, with his feet tied together under the rail, and himself sitting astride of it, found ample employment for his hands.

He was forced to keep a tight grip in order to avoid slipping off the rail and landing on his head.

Getting off at one side, Joe surveyed victim and rail with a critical air.

"How natural he looks!" mimicked Prescott. "Duval, you're in your proper place, at last!"

"Give the word for the start, Joe," begged the eager youngsters.

"Wait until Frank has a look at the—cur!"

But Manley's view of the proceedings was not long to be delayed.

He and Hal came out of the cottage at that moment. Duval, choking and at white heat, was making all manner of threats of vengeance.

"This is your work, Manley!" raged the young Creole. "You needn't tell me it isn't, for I know that it is. Oh, I'll make you sorry for this outrage. Tell your schoolboys to quit this nonsense right now!"

Gaston Duval, perched astride that rail, and having some little trouble to keep himself erect, struck Frank's sense of the humorous.

Nor did the fellow's utter rage make it any the less comical.

"I must say that you look natural there, Duval," smiled Frank.

This endorsement of Joe's verdict raised a howl of glee.

"Manley, are you going to order your hoodlums to stop this nonsense?"

"I have nothing to do with it," laughed Frank, easily. "I can't undertake to spoil what little fun comes to this slow old town."

"We're going to carry him into Woodstock this way," grinned Joe.

Duval tried to say something, but his rage was so great that he choked and coughed.

"Ready! Forward, march!" sang out Joe, grimly.

With a whoop the bearers started on the ice, and headed down the river.

"It's the only thing we could do," Joe lingered to explain.

"Don't carry it too far, though," urged Frank.

"Oh, we'll turn him loose when we've shown him to the Woodstock folks," promised Joe, cheerfully.

"See here, old fellow," warned Manley. "You mustn't do that. Give him a ride a little way, if you like, but don't attempt to take him into town. It wouldn't do."

"You're too mighty tender-hearted," growled Joe.

He hurried down to the dock to put on his skates again, and Frank and Hal did likewise.

They had soon overtaken the rail-bearers.

"Oh, if we could only wind this up with tar and feathers!" uttered Lucas.

"We will, one of these days!" Cranston predicted, confidently.

Duval, finding how useless it was to say anything, had taken to silence.

But his face was ghastly white, and his lips hard set with grim rage.

Around the bend in the river they carried him, and a little way further, when Manley interposed.

"That will do, fellows. Untie his feet and turn him loose, now."

"Oh! No!"

"We want to take the thing into town!"

"Think what a feature this would be at our ice carnival?"

"Halt!" insisted Frank.

As the bearers stood still, our hero himself cut the cord that secured Gaston's ankles.

"Now, let him down."

Reluctantly the Up and At 'Em Boys permitted Duval to regain his feet.

He walked stiffly and with difficulty. It required an effort for him to wheel upon our hero.

"Manley," he hissed, "I shall make you more sorry for this than for anything that ever happened!"

"Put him on the rail again!" begged Lucas.

With a snarl Duval turned and made his way to the shore, Manley with difficulty restraining the Trouble Trio from giving chase.

CHAPTER V.

DR. HOLBROOK FLINGS A BOMB!

"This way to the Ice Carnival!"

"Get your tickets for the Ice Palace here! One quarter—twenty-five cents each!"

"This way to the toboggan slide! Tickets entitling you to six rides for a quarter of a dollar!"

"Don't forget the ice yachts. A long sail on either the Bradford or the Woodstock boat for a quarter!"

"Don't forget the Esquimaux village. Your fortune told by a genuine Esquimaux Indian woman!"

"Peanuts! Popcorn! Five a bag!"

"Don't forget that there's a restaurant corner in the Ice Palace!"

"Oh, but this is great fun!" protested Kitty Dunstan, as, leaning on Frank's arm, she made the tour of the many attractions of the carnival that the Up and At 'Em Boys had planned.

She was interested, first, however, in the Palace, the most conspicuous feature of the show.

This had been built with much care as to design, great blocks of ice cut out of the river furnishing the building material.

The interior was lighted by electric lights. The main room served as a skating rink. At one end was a smaller room, where food was sold. In a room at the other end were exhibited all of the club's trophies. There were also three tables of articles for sale, these tables being presided over by members of the Girls' Club.

There were many curious articles fashioned of ice—chairs on which no one cared to sit, a parlor stove designed in ice and lighted inside by incandescent lights in red bulbs, a fountain in which the spray was frozen and goblets fashioned out of ice—scores of things to attract or to cause laughter.

"Now, suppose we go over and put on our skates," suggested Frank, when he and Kitty came out again.

Steel-shod, they started up the river.

The Woodstock and Bradford ice-boats were out, carrying passengers to the full limit of capacity.

In the absence of moonlight, bonfires had been built along the river banks.

Over at the toboggan chute the whirl of the toboggans was incessant. Out on to the ice shot the coasters, shouting and laughing.

The Esquimaux village, consisting of four snow-houses, was peopled by pretended Esquimaux, impersonated by Up and At 'Em Boys and members of the Girls' Club.

"I believe I am to be the fortune-teller here to-morrow night," laughed Kitty.

"Then I shall be here—a faithful patron," smiled Frank. "But suppose we try the toboggan chute now."

From the grounds of the summer hotel the chute ran down to the river's edge. The sides of the chute were festooned with gaily colored paper lanterns, whose light threw a festive look over the scene.

"I've never ridden on a toboggan before," confessed Kitty, as Manley placed a toboggan at the head of the chute.

"It's easily learned," smiled Frank. "Just sit down in front and get a good hold on the side-straps. Now, I sit down behind you, side fashion, with one arm around you to steady myself, and one foot trailing to steer with when we strike the ice. Now—ready!"

Manley gave a slight push. Away they dashed down the steep, ice-covered incline.

For a few seconds they seemed to be rushing down at express-train speed. Then, with a cry from Kitty, they struck the ice.

Frank steered cleverly in and out among the hundreds of people on the ice.

Their momentum carried them almost to the other bank of the river.

"That was fine," enthused Kitty. "The only disagreeable feature is the long walk back."

"Disagreeable?" echoed Frank, in a low voice. "That depends on whom you're walking with."

"Duval looked so funny riding on the rail!" declared a boy who passed them at that moment.

"Wasn't he awful mad?" asked the speaker's companion.

The pair were gone out of hearing now, but Kitty looked at Frank sharply.

"What were they talking about, dear? Duval riding on a rail?"

Frank had to tell her, hurriedly, just before they joined the merry throng climbing the hill to the chute.

Again they whizzed down the chute, out across the ice, and then Kitty found a chance to ask:

"What was the trouble? What had Duval been doing?"

"He is suspected of trying to make a lot of mischief," answered Frank, evasively.

"He's an evil fellow," shivered Kitty. "It makes me creepy every time I see his eyes. I wish he'd leave Woodstock."

"I guess it would please him better to be able to make me leave Woodstock," smiled Frank.

"Oh, but he can't do that!" Kitty declared, warmly.

"No; I guess he can't."

But on this point Manley was likely to change his mind ere long.

This time, just as they came off the ice, they came face to face with Duval.

Gaston raised his hat civilly to Kitty, who stared past him, giving him the cut direct.

Yet she saw his face, and she shuddered, slightly.

For Gaston Duval's eyes were fixed on them with a look that could be described only as one of utter triumph.

"What made him look at us like that?" whispered Kitty, as she clung more closely to our hero's arm.

"I don't know, Kit. What does it matter, anyway?"

After a few more swift descents of the chute the Woodstock ice-boat came in with its laughing crowd of pleasure-seekers, and Humphrey, who was acting as the skipper, hurried over to Frank and Kitty.

"Captain, I believe you want the boat reserved for your party for this trip?"

"That's so," nodded Manley. "Make Miss Dunstan comfortable, will you, Humphrey, and I'll run after Hal and Miss Scott."

As Frank hurried to the shore he encountered the muffled-up figure of an old man.

"Oh, good-evening, Dr. Holbrook!" cried Frank. "I hope you're enjoying our effort at a carnival."

"It's all very nice, Manley," replied the venerable principal of the Woodstock Academy, at which Frank was preparing for college.

"We're making up a party for the ice-boat, doctor. I think we can squeeze in one more passenger. Won't you come with us, sir?"

"I don't believe I will, Manley, thank you. The fact is, I was looking for you. I have a word to say to you—a very unpleasant word, I am sorry to say."

The old man's voice shook a trifle. Frank looked at him in surprise.

"Something unpleasant, doctor? It's seldom that any of us hear that from you."

"Manley," went on Dr. Holbrook, "there's some trouble between yourself and Gaston Duval?"

"Yes, sir; there is," Frank answered, promptly and honestly.

"I am sorry—very sorry. It is about that that I have to speak to you, Manley. Duval's uncle and myself have been acquainted for many years. He has helped me once or twice, and I will tell you, in confidence, that Duval's uncle holds a mortgage on the academy for money loaned me."

Frank wondered what else was coming.

"It seems, Manley," went on Dr. Holbrook, as if hurry-

ing to get over a very disagreeable subject, "that you have offended young Duval deeply. Now, you will understand that it would be fatal for me to offend the Duvals. So, sorry as I am to say it, Manley, when the academy opens again after the holidays, I am obliged to ask you not to attend."

"What is that, sir?" cried Manley, recoiling.

"Gaston Duval insists that you must not attend the academy after this. I have no choice but to agree to his demand."

"You expel me?" gasped Frank, sick at heart.

"Come, come, Manley. We won't call it by any such harsh name as that. But you understand? I cannot help myself."

"I understand, sir," uttered Frank, brokenly. "Good-night, sir."

He turned away in a daze. Not attend the academy? Then he must leave town! There was no other place in Woodstock where he could get his preparatory education.

"Hullo, old fellow!" hailed Hal, as he and Miss Scott came toward him over the ice. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost. What's wrong?"

"Nothing!" laughed Frank. "I didn't know that I looked so solemn."

Then he told them that the ice-boat was in readiness, and, as he spoke, his old-time smile came out.

Whatever happened to him, he must not put a damper on the spirits of the others on this night of merriment and joy.

"In there with you!" he cried gaily, as they reached the ice-boat. "Captain Humphrey, please sail with the utmost care. Remember that you have a lovely and precious cargo on this voyage."

Not wanted at the academy? Leave Woodstock?

Frank felt the grip of dull despair tightening at his heart as the merry party whizzed off up the smooth ice!

CHAPTER VI.

A GIRL'S SCARED FACE AT THE WINDOW.

"What's wrong, dear?"

"Wrong, Kit?"

"Why, you look worried about something," insisted Kitty.

They had returned from their ice-boat sail, and were standing on the shore, in the blaze of all the lights, but a little distance from the merry crowd.

"I look worried, do I, Kit? Oh, I suppose it's natural. While running around and having a good time, I can't forget for a moment that I am responsible for the success of this carnival enterprise. I have only one mind, Kit, and it's necessary to keep it in a dozen places at once."

"And that's all that makes you look so solemn," persisted the girl.

"Why, if I look solemn, dear girl, I owe you a thousand apologies. No one has any right to look solemn when he enjoys Kit Dunstan's favor."

Frank's smile was so natural that Kitty's doubts vanished for the time being.

And now Frank escorted her over to the gym, where, in the reception-room, Mrs. Manley was present to chaperon the members of the Girls' Club.

"Get warmed up, Kit, and I'll come back for you," proposed Frank. "I don't want you to get chilled."

He left her and hurried back to the river front, to attend to some of his numerous duties.

In his way stood a solitary figure—Gaston Duval's.

"You've got your news, I believe?" sneered Duval.

"I never cared to have much to say to you, and this time is no exception," retorted Frank, coolly.

"Well, I'm glad, Manley, that you know its on my account that you leave Woodstock."

"I haven't left yet."

"Oh, well, I'm sure enough that you will," laughed Gaston, shortly. "With the academy closed to you you'll have to leave town unless you prefer to give up your education."

"It was a pretty despicable advantage that you took, Duval. It was in line with the way you do things. You're not capable of doing anything in the manly and straightforward way that honest people prefer."

"Rage away!" laughed Duval. "I like to hear you."

"I wonder why it was, Duval, that you took a dislike to me in the first place. I was prepared to like you and make things pleasant for you in Woodstock."

"I simply haven't any use for you," retorted the other youth, brutally. "You're not my kind."

"I can at least thank heaven for that," retorted Manley, smiling coldly.

"Now, don't try to irritate me," begged the young Creole, ironically. "You have enough of a reckoning to settle with me as it is. Don't try to add to it."

"I shall at least not annoy you by seeking your further acquaintance," rejoined Manley.

"Oh, but you're not through with me yet. Don't think that. I have a long arm, Manley, for my enemies, and I shall reach you wherever you go. Whatever happens to you, you may wonder if it was Gaston Duval who was behind it."

"As in the case of the explosion under the ice this afternoon, eh?" jeered Manley.

"You can't provoke me into saying anything that it isn't my purpose to say," sneered the Creole.

"If you try to follow me up, Duval, do not be so sure that you will always be victor. I showed you mercy twice. I shall not be so foolish again."

"What will you do?"

"The next time I find your head under my feet I am

likely to crush that head as I would a reptile's! Your eyes are those of the human snake, anyway, Duval! When your eyes look as they do now, they give one the impression of a reptile that ought to be killed."

"You forget that snakes are provided with means of striking back!"

"Good-night," uttered Manley, coldly, and passed on.

"I've spoiled his day and his week for him," muttered Duval, his eyes gleaming as he followed Manley's movement down to the shore. "I wonder whether I've spoiled Kit Dunstan's happiness, too. I'd give a good deal to know whether she cares enough for him to take his bounce from the academy seriously."

Then Duval walked stiffly away. His aching flesh still gave him reminders of that ride on a rail.

"Where's that little Jap, Sato, to-night?" asked a Woodstock man, stopping Manley. "I haven't seen him around."

"Perhaps you won't again, very soon," replied Frank, smiling oddly.

"Why, what has happened to him?"

"Ignow Sato has gone away from Woodstock."

"For good?" demanded Frank's questioner, in surprise, for Inow Sato had made himself very popular in the little town.

"You know almost as much as I do about it," Frank answered. "When I went home to supper to-night I found a note waiting for me. Sato informed me that his father had sent for him to return to Japan. He had taken the next train, but he hoped for news at San Francisco that would make it possible for him to come back soon."

"And he didn't bid you good-by in person?"

"His note said there wasn't time for him to see any of us."

"So his father had sent for him?"

"That's what he said," smiled Frank.

"Then you think it was something different?"

"Why, I have a private notion," replied Frank, "that every Jap in this country is here to learn something at his government's order. In this case, I fancy that the Japanese government was Sato's real father."

"Well, I hope he comes back here."

"So does every fellow in the club."

After five minutes spent in the ice palace Frank came bustling out again, only to run into Hal.

"See here, old fellow," uttered Hal, "I want a word with you."

"What about?"

"Yourself. I got it into my head that something has gone very wrong with you. I wouldn't ask before Kitty, but now, old fellow, I want the truth—the straight truth!"

"And I might as well tell you, I guess, Hal. It looks as if I'd have to leave Woodstock."

"What's that?" quivered Hal Spofford.

Then, very quietly, our hero repeated his conversation with Dr. Holbrook.

"Duval!" exploded Hal, righteously indignant. "Why,

he's a—no; I won't say it. My opinion of that sneak, put into words, would poison the air around us. But we shall see! We shall see!"

Abruptly, Hal turned and darted away.

He found Joe in a jiffy, and those two staunch chums held an angry conference.

"Manley leave Woodstock?" gritted Joe. "Why, that would kill the club, and make the town seem dead. Before we let that happen I reckon something will break loose! We shall see!"

But neither spoke to Manley on the subject again that night.

As soon as Frank was at leisure, Kitty came out of the gym for more tobogganing.

Mr. Dunstan, after bringing her down to the ice, had gone home, promising to call for her at ten o'clock.

But now, as Frank and Kitty looked for the sleigh, they found only Mr. Dunstan's coachman.

"Your father told me to say, miss, that he had been called out of town by a telegram. I've just left him at the depot," explained the coachman, "and he told me to come here for you."

"I'll get in and ride up to the house with you," suggested Frank.

"Don't think of it," negatived Kitty. "You have plenty to do here, and you must see your mother home. I'll be up to the house in a jiffy, all right."

"Then I'll be over at the gym," answered Frank. "As soon as you get home you'll call me up and report your safe arrival?"

"Certainly. And that's all that will be necessary. Good-night."

Kitty reached home in safety, and was admitted by one of the women servants, who then went upstairs to bed.

The coachman had a room in the stable, where he slept. Some of the servants were away for the holidays. Upstairs, at the present moment, were a man servant, and two women. Grace Scott was to spend the night at Fannie Jackson's.

"Gracious, doesn't the house seem lonely?" laughed Kitty, as she tripped into her father's library.

But she was a plucky girl, to whom even uneasiness seemed foolish.

She seated herself in one of the big leather arm-chairs before the glowing fire in the grate, and settled down for a little "think" before going up to her room.

"Can it be that anything was really worrying Frank to-night?" she wondered. "Every now and then I caught a look in his eyes that I didn't like. It wasn't the kind of a look, either, that just business responsibility would bring to his eyes. If anything has happened that he hasn't told me about I shall feel provoked with him when I do learn."

There came a ring at the telephone. Kitty jumped up to answer.

It was her chum, Grace Scott, at the other end of the wire.

"Everything all right with you, Kit?"

"Everything as right as can be."

"It must seem awfully lonely."

"Oh, I shall be asleep, soon," chirped Kitty.

"It was mean of me to come over here to-night; but of course I didn't know, at the time, that your father would be away."

"Oh, I'm neither lonely nor scared, Grace."

"Did you think Frank looked worried about anything to-night?"

"So you noticed it, too?"

"I thought he had something very unusual on his mind."

"So did I," Kitty answered. "But he said no."

"Well, I hope everything is all right with him. Good-night, Kit!"

When Miss Dunstan had returned to the big chair she felt a sense of uneasiness that she could not shake off.

Glancing up suddenly at one of the windows over which the shade had not been drawn, she received such a shock that she could have screamed.

For there was a face, close to the pane, looking in at her—the face of Gaston Duval.

His eyes were malicious, mocking for the instant that she saw him.

Then that handsome but repulsive face was drawn back into the darkness.

In the next instant Kitty flew across the room, her scared face showing at the window.

But, of course, she could see nothing out there in the darkness.

"Shall I telephone to Frank?" she asked herself, quiveringly.

But she shook her head in answer to her own question.

"It isn't necessary, and Frank will be tired out to-night."

With a very grim, set little face, Kitty crossed to the big library desk, pulled open one of the drawers, and took out her father's loaded revolver.

Then, with the weapon in her hand, she moved with steady step over to the window and pulled down the shade.

"Telephone Frank?" she thought, though not without a tremor. "What nonsense!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE DISASTER ON THE CHUTE.

"It's an assured success."

"Of course it is. So is everything that Manley puts his hand to in earnest."

"Except the downing of that fellow, Duval."

Several of the Up and At 'Em Boys were discussing the Ice Carnival early Friday evening.

Nothing further had been heard from Duval.

He was still in town, still showing himself everywhere

with the utmost cheek; but he had made no new move against Kitty Dunstan's peace of mind.

She had told Frank promptly, of course, of the peeping through the window, and he had scolded her for not having called him at once by telephone.

"But what do you make of it?" asked Kitty.

"Since he attempted nothing, I can only suppose that he was prowling around for a look at you, Kit. For you know, he is greatly infatuated with you."

"Is that the cause of his enmity to you?" demanded Kitty, quickly.

"Oh, no, for his dislike of me began before he had seen you."

In his own mind Manley suspected that Duval had been prowling about in the hope of learning whether Miss Dunstan took seriously to heart Frank's expulsion from the academy.

But, as Kitty knew nothing of that at that time, Duval, if that was his object in prowling, had learned nothing.

Had not Mr. Dunstan returned promptly, Frank would have set a guard at the Dunstan house at night.

As it was, our hero had contented himself with informing Kitty's father.

"Pooh!" replied that gentleman. "It will not do to carry out any boys' quarrel around my house. If young Duval tries to do anything up at my place he will get himself boiled alive in trouble!"

It really seemed as if Duval, now that he had accomplished what was practically Frank's expulsion from the academy, had decided to let up on plotting.

Every one in Woodstock knew, now, of the probability that our hero would have to leave Woodstock in quest of his schooling.

But this aroused public indignation, and made Frank doubly popular.

There had been a curling game between the Rutherfords and the Egypts that afternoon, and other fast and brilliant ice sports, and now most of the crowd was on hand again for the evening's fun.

Outside of the sports, the most popular feature of all had proved to be the toboggan chute, which, built at very little cost, was earning that cost several times over each day.

Frank had been out here directing things since dark.

Now, he was relieved of the charge of the chute by Bob Everett.

Yet, even while Frank was turning away, Everett ran after him.

As Manley turned, he saw Gaston Duval tendering a ticket in payment for the use of a toboggan.

"Shall I refund his money, and tell him he can't use the chute?" quivered Bob, indignantly.

"Why?" smiled Frank. "At least, at the present moment, he is doing his best to help out our club treasury. Why not encourage him?"

"Oh, of course, if that's the way you look at it," uttered Bob, disappointedly.

"But, Bob, we can't very well turn him away. That would look like petty spite."

"I suppose it would. But you can bet that Duval isn't here for any good purpose."

"Perhaps he wants to provoke us into making a show of ourselves by running him off the chute," said Frank, warily.

"If that's all he's up to in coming here——" returned Everett, hesitatingly.

"Why, what can he do, here in the full glare of so much light?"

"I suppose we'll have to let him use the chute," sighed Bob.

"Here he comes."

Duval whizzed past them, alone on his toboggan, and staring straight ahead down the river.

Bob returned to the head of the chute, while Frank hastened away to the road.

For he was expecting Kitty. She had promised to be there at seven o'clock, and she was not one to forget appointments.

And there, sure enough, was the Dunstan cutter, coming down the road. It held Kitty and her father.

"Now, see here, you young people," warned Mr. Dunstan, good-naturedly, "I'm coming back at a quarter past nine, and this young lady must be ready to go home. For that matter, Manley, you will need the rest of the time up to ten to close up the evening's business for your enterprising club."

"In other words, I am to have two hours of pleasure before the last business of the day," smiled Frank.

"Have you any particular plan for the evening?" asked Kitty, as the two strolled away toward the ice.

"My only plan, Kit, is to please you."

"Then let us put in most of the time at the chute."

Manley bought a stack of tickets—for club members were not allowed to be "dead-heads" this week—and together they climbed the ascent to the chute.

For some minutes they stood watching the hundreds who were tobogganing.

Suddenly Kitty gripped our hero's arm.

Duval, carrying his toboggan, had just passed them.

"He here?" asked Miss Dunstan, disgustedly.

"Yes; it would create a bad impression to rule him off the chute."

"His being here will spoil our fun for the evening," pouted Kitty, in an undertone.

"We have only to forget that he is here."

"I can't."

"Then we shall give up the tobogganing."

"Oh, no!" declared Kitty, becoming half angry at the idea. "I won't let him drive me away."

As Duval stood at the head of the chute, he turned to look fully at Miss Dunstan.

Yet there was nothing rude enough in his look to warrant Manley in resenting it.

Kitty did not look away from the young Creole, but looked straight past him, without recognition, as if she were not aware of his presence.

Duval went down, showing, as he struck the river ice, fine management of his toboggan.

After two or three others had gone, Frank placed his toboggan, swiftly arranging Kitty with comfort, and then, with arm around her waist, and his steering foot ready, made the start.

Down they flew, and out over the slippery ice. It was glorious fun in that night's cold, snappy air.

Duval, standing out on the ice, seemed to be waiting for them.

"Good evening, Miss Dunstan," he saluted her, raising his hat. "I was afraid you did not see me."

"Miss Dunstan has asked me to say that she did not wish to see you, either on this or any other occasion," retorted Frank, as he and Kitty quickly turned their backs.

Duval took his rebuff in silence, but there was a queer, wicked little gleam in his eyes as he started to walk over the ice behind them.

There was such a crush at the top of the chute that Frank and Kitty again waited before making the descent.

"Cheek!" growled some one in the crowd, as Duval came up.

Instantly a hiss started. It passed from mouth to mouth, until scores had joined in this demonstration of hate.

"S-s-s-s-st! S-s-s-s-s-st!"

Gaston Duval could not have helped knowing that this was meant for him.

Yet he gave no sign of hearing. Coolly he placed his toboggan, crowding in ahead of others and making a swift start.

The hisses followed him until he was far out on the ice.

Yet back he came, to meet another storm of hisses, to which he paid no more heed than he had done before.

"He can't be made ashamed," cried Kitty, listening out on the ice to the distinctly audible hisses that were raging up at the head of the chute.

"Oh, if it keeps on too long, he'll punch some fellow who doesn't know how to fight," muttered Manley, disgustedly.

"And then you'll order him from the chute?"

"I'd have to, then!"

Gaston continued to use the chute until the crowd got tired of hissing. His must have been a tough hide.

For an hour this great coasting went on. Then it came about that Frank and Kitty were again at the head of the chute, prepared to make the flying descent.

Gaston Duval cheekily placed his toboggan just lower down on the chute, making a flying start ahead of them.

"We'll give him a little start," whispered Frank, in Kitty's ear.

Others, behind, were impatiently waiting on their toboggans for the chance to start.

"Good!" muttered Kitty, under her breath.

For, looking after Duval, she saw that fellow, by some

piece of bungling, fall off his toboggan, which shot on for the ice.

"Clumsy!" uttered Kitty, for Gaston, prostrate and first, was now slipping down the icy path of the chute.

He made frantic efforts to stop himself, and at last succeeded. Then, after a pause to "get himself together," he crawled to the edge of the chute and dropped over the side.

"Great! Fine work! Booby!" jeered the crowd at the top.

Manley gave an impatient push that sent his own toboggan on its way down the chute.

Whizz-zz! It was grand sport to fly down the chute like that!

Bump!

Manley's toboggan stopped suddenly, and with a fearful shock.

But only for an instant. Then the toboggan continued on its way, but slurred sideways.

The jolt threw both young riders up into the air.

Frank fell over the chute at the right, Kitty at the left.

Both landed on the hard ground below.

There was a howl of consternation from the top of the chute, echoed by the pleasure-seekers out on the ice.

For three more toboggans were on their way down.

The first stopped as Manley's had done, throwing its occupants off the chute.

Before this toboggan could get out of the way two more had crashed into it, spilling their human freight over the sides of the chute or down its slippery descent.

"An accident!" was the cry that went up. There was a rush from all sides. The eager onlookers crowded closely around the spot.

As for Frank, as soon as he landed, he rose and limped painfully over the chute and to where Kitty lay.

"Are you hurt?" he cried, anxiously.

"Only wrenched in my back; and my neck pains a bit," she answered, smiling bravely, though her face was white.

"Can you get up, if I help you?"

Kitty soon proved that she was able to walk, though she did so, limpingly.

Some of the other coasters had not been so fortunate. One young man had broken a wrist. The young woman with him had a broken leg.

All of those who had been pitched over were more or less hurt.

"It ought to be back to jail for somebody!" bellowed Joe Prescott, who, after examining the surface of the chute, now pointed an accusing finger at something there.

Others crowded about him, while a yell went up:

"A railroad spike sticking straight up in the course!"

"We want to know something about this," quivered Hal, springing to Joe's side.

"Who put it there?" cried a voice, dangerously.

As if by common instinct, all eyes turned upon the young Creole.

But Duval met their gaze without embarrassment.

"That was what threw me off my toboggan, too," he remarked, coolly.

"Are you sure you didn't stick that spike in the crevice while you were floundering about?" demanded Joe, hoarsely.

"That would be a serious charge to make," retorted Duval, his face going a trifle white. "There were dozens who saw me strike that same obstacle."

"That's so," admitted several onlookers, who knew nothing about Duval.

"Some one put that spike there," insisted Joe, sternly. "It wasn't there in the path of the people who went down just ahead of you, Mr. Duval."

"Then you accuse me?" blazed the Creole, angrily.

"I wish I could, with certainty," muttered Joe.

"It was Duval!" roared some one at the back of the crowd.

"Lynch him!" came a hoarse shout.

Duval paled in earnest now. He knew what that cry would be likely to mean down in Louisiana.

The crowd surged about him, angrily, but Duval pushed back those who were nearest to him.

"Don't be rash!" he called. "Don't accuse me, when you all saw that I, too, struck that spike and came near being killed."

"That's so," agreed several, once more.

There was argument among the onlookers. Duval, watching his chance, slid out of the crowd and vanished.

Frank limped over to where indignant Prescott stood.

"Joe, please see to it that these people who have been hurt have prompt attendance by the doctors. Get carriages to take them home in. Hal, help me to carry Miss Dunstan over to the gym."

Forming their hands in a "queen's chair," Frank and his chum carried Miss Dunstan over to the gym, where they made her comfortable in the little reception-room.

Two women came in to look after Kitty, while Frank telephoned for her own physician.

"I'd better hurry back," muttered peaceable Hal, uneasily. "Joe'll turn the evening into a lynching bee if he's left alone too long."

The Dunstan medical man, on his arrival, declared that Kitty had suffered nothing worse than a wrenching.

"But it's a miracle that she wasn't killed," he declared to Frank.

"It was Duval who put that spike there!" raged Frank, inwardly. "And like everything else that he does, he managed it so cleverly that we can't prove it. But, oh, when the day of reckoning comes!"

CHAPTER VIII.

RUIN'S HAND AT THE ICE PALACE.

"Duval's right. This is the easiest way to settle the ice carnival!"

Meadon, the same youth who had set off the bomb that

had smashed the river ice under Manley's feet, now stood before the entrance to the ice palace.

In one hand he carried a heavy axe.

The dull, gray day was just breaking.

It was yet so early that no one else than Meadon appeared in sight at the river's edge.

"It won't take more'n ten minutes to make a pretty good wreck of things here," observed Meadon to himself, as he glanced over the front of the cleverly constructed building of ice.

"And the entrance would be the best place to start the work," he added, as he stopped there.

Getting a good grip with both hands, he swung the axe.

Smash! At the first blow he dislodged two cakes of ice from the entrance.

Smash! Crash! The entrance began to look as if it had been attacked by artillery.

Still Meadon's axe flashed in the early morning light, as he carried on his work of mean destruction.

Soon he stood surrounded by the signs of ruin, but still he worked on.

The whole center of the front of the palace seemed about to collapse.

As he continued to rain down blows, Meadon kept a wary watch of the icy mass before him, in order that he might spring out of the way in time to avoid being crushed by a falling mass of ice blocks.

"Hey! Stop that!"

The command came in such a hoarse, raging bellow that Meadon turned quickly.

Down the river came the Trouble Trio—Foster, Lucas and Cranston—skating as if for dear life.

They were almost upon him.

"You scoundrel!" thundered some one else, and Frank Manley, racing down to the shore, sprang out upon the ice on his skates.

The other skaters whizzed in savagely, reaching Meadon before our hero did.

"Oh, we'll pay you back for this!" roared Lucas, skating swiftly up to the guilty wretch.

Caught in the dastardly act, Meadon swung around like a beast at bay.

"I'll brain the first fellow that gets within reach!" he roared back.

"Come back, Lucas!" Frank ordered, quickly, anxiously.

For this pugnacious member of the Trouble Trio, ignoring danger, was skating straight at Meadon.

But Frank caught him by the arm, jerking him back out of harm's way.

Meadon still stood his ground, his eyes glaring in a way to suggest that he would carry out his threat to brain any one who attacked him.

"Get in to the shore and get an armful of those small chunks of ice," whispered Frank to Foster.

Dick had the good sense to obey promptly. He came back with more than a dozen chunks of ice.

Cranston, seeing this, did likewise.

Frank whispered something in Lucas's ear that caused

that youngster to make for the shore like a flash, where he took off his skates and hurried away over the ground.

Frank, helping himself to several of the chunks that Cranston carried, looked his orders at Cranston and Foster.

They skated around, coming up in behind Meadon, though keeping several yards away from him.

But the boy with the axe backed against the now unsafe wall of the ice palace, growling:

"What do you fellows think you're up to?"

"Stay just where you are," commanded Frank. "We need to have a talk with you."

"Talk nothing!" the young wretch snarled, sulkily.

"If you attempt to run away before we are through with our talk," warned Frank, promptly, "we'll pelt you with these chunks. We'll keep on pelting, too, and we'll bring you down. If we should happen to pelt the life out of you, that would be your lookout. Understand?"

Meadon felt more than ever at bay. Those chunks of ice were hard and heavy. In the hands of youngsters who knew how to play ball, and who could throw straight, the pieces of ice were dangerous missiles.

"Just try to run, won't you?" dared Cranston, poising one of the chunks as if to throw it.

"What are you fellows holding me up for?" snarled Meadon.

"Why did you try to destroy our ice palace?" cross-questioned Manley, hotly.

"Because I wanted to."

"Who set you to doing it?"

"Nobody."

"That's a lie!"

Meadon sniffed angrily, but did not answer.

"How much does Duval pay you for this kind of dirty work?" insisted Manley.

"Nothing. I don't know him."

"That's another lie!"

"Oh, please yourself, then," retorted the trapped wretch.

"You're not going to stir away from here," went on Frank, "until you tell us the whole truth."

"Oh, I reckon I can stay here as long as you can."

Lucas came hurrying back to the river, stopping at the shore to pick up several hunks of ice. He took his place in the half-circle of enemies who faced Meadon.

"Have you anything to say?" persisted Manley.

"Not a word."

"Oh, well, you may change your mind by the time that we've kept you here for an hour."

"I won't stay."

"Oh, all right," smiled Frank. "Just try to move a step, and see how many pieces of ice will crash against your head. Just try it!"

But Meadon didn't try.

He stood backed up against the now unsafe wall of the ice palace, glowering at his tantalizing enemies as if he heartily wished that he could tempt one of them within reach of the axe that he still grasped savagely in both hands.

"I hope you're a good waiter," jeered Frank.

"Oh, I'll stay until I get ready to go," came the sullen answer.

"And then we'll fix you so that you can't get away," smiled Frank, and his tone was all business.

So Meadon stood there in angry and half-terrified silence while the moments slipped by.

Then a quick step sounded on the shore, and some one else came out on the ice. It was the policeman for whom Lucas had telephoned from the gymnasium office.

Meadon started now, in earnest, as he saw the policeman approaching.

For a moment it looked as if the young wretch would try to dash between Cranston and Lucas.

But those two energetic members of the Trouble Trio aimed their ice chunks, prepared to give the fellow a warm reception.

"There's your prisoner, officer," said Frank, pointing to the despoiler of the ice palace.

"Put down that axe," ordered the policeman.

Meadon hesitated, uncertain whether or not to obey.

He was enough of a savage to try to hew his way out through this crowd if there seemed to be any chance of doing it.

"I'm not going to close in on you while you have that axe," went on the officer. "Either you'll put it down—and mighty quick!—or I'll shoot, without another word, and then step in and get what's left of you!"

As the policeman spoke he reached back for his pistol.

At that, the courage oozed out of Meadon. Bending, he laid the axe on the ice at his feet.

"Now, walk over here," commanded the policeman.

There was nothing left to do but obey. With a savage snarl, the young wretch submitted to being handcuffed to the officer, who led his prisoner away.

"That's the only way to do," uttered Frank, with a faint smile. "He won't give us any more trouble for awhile. If we could only do as much for his employer our troubles would soon be over."

"But our palace isn't fit to look at any longer," vented Lucas, in a rage. "And we expected to-day to be our best day!"

"Fortunately, we've made enough money out of this carnival so that we can afford to put men at work repairing the palace. We'll hunt up the men at once," answered Frank.

At nine o'clock that morning Meadon was brought up in court. None of his "pals," nor Duval, showed up.

Yet the despoiler of the ice palace flourished a roll of bills and offered to pay his fine.

"A fine won't answer in this case," retorted Justice Lee, sharply. "Yours is the county jail for ninety days!"

"Score one against Duval!" smiled our hero to Hal, as they left the courtroom together.

Out on the river men were busy repairing the ice palace as well as that could be done.

"If a mountain would only fall on Duval," grumbled Hal, moodily, "we might have a chance to get through the day and bring our ice carnival to a decent close."

CHAPTER IX.

TOD OWEN GOES OVER TO THE ENEMY.

"This is a risky business," growled Tod Owen, sulkily.

"Then you haven't got as much nerve as I thought you had," hinted Gaston Duval, sneeringly.

"I've got nerve enough, when it's any good to use it," retorted the captain of the Bradford club.

"Why don't you show some of it now?"

"I'm counting up the risk."

"Oh!"

"And it seems to me that I have about everything to lose."

"You can't lose, for you won't be suspected. I'll take care of that for you," promised Duval, eagerly. "See here, Owen, you tell me that in reality you still hate Manley."

"Of course I do."

"And that you'd do anything on earth to down him?"

"But, of course, I don't want to down myself instead."

"You don't have to. You can put up a splendid fight, and be overpowered. We'll do that all right, and without really hurting you. Who can suspect anything?"

"If my father did," returned Tod, moodily, "he'd pitch me out of the house for good and all. He's all for Frank Manley."

"I don't see any chance of using you!" snapped Duval, impatiently, rising and beginning to pace the room. "I mistook you for a fellow with some sand."

Tod stared moodily into the fire that burned in the open fireplace.

It was in the middle of Saturday forenoon, and the pair had met at a little house on a lonely road some three miles out from Woodstock.

Duval had heard of the former enmity that had existed between the two captains of the rival clubs.

He had gone so far as to believe that Tod's friendship for Manley was all a matter of appearance, and that, deep down in his heart, Tod hated the popular Woodstock athlete as heartily as ever.

So Duval had sent for the Bradford captain.

They had met at this house which, usually, was unoccupied in winter.

But Duval had recently hired the place, through Jimpson, as a place for that worthy and his helpers to live in.

It was so far out of the way that no one in the vicinity knew, as yet, that any one was living in the place.

"If Tod Owen meets me out there, we'll know what kind of business I want to see him about," Gaston Duval had reflected. "His very coming will show that he is my man."

But now, when the matter had been broached, Tod Owen had shown so much moody doubt that Duval began to fear that he had made a huge mistake.

"I'm sorry I made such a mistake about your nerve," Duval went on, after a little pause. "Owen, you ought to have been born a girl!"

"Stop that, won't you?" cried Tod, angrily. "I didn't come out here to take a whole lot of impudence from you."

"Nor to let me help you, either, it seems."

"Help me?" repeated Tod.

"Of course! By putting Manley out of your way."

"And by getting me into a heap of trouble, too, I'm afraid."

"Trouble can't touch you, Owen. You can be tied up tight, and we'll abuse you like pirates. Even when he gets through with us, Manley will be convinced that you're one of his best friends."

"That's something a little more like it," admitted Tod, brightening.

Duval plumped himself into a dining-room chair, leaning both elbows heavily on the table, as he regarded the Bradford captain more closely than ever.

"Owen, the only thing I can conclude is that you don't trust me."

"Well, can you wonder at that?" demanded Tod, turning to look at his tempter.

"But don't you see that I couldn't use you wrong if I wanted to? If I did, I'd queer my own plans. I want you for the biggest service that any one can do me—to rid me, for good and all of Frank Manley. The fellow who helps me in that will be the best friend I've got. If it's money that you want——"

Tod waved aside the mention of money as if it were something of no consequence.

"Well, then, if it's the satisfying of a grudge that you want," went on the tempter, "you ought to hail me as a friend, indeed. For I offer to show you how to place Manley wholly at our mercy and without his even suspecting that you've had a share in the thing. You'll be only the decoy duck, Owen, and I wouldn't dare to give you away, even if I wanted to."

"I wish I could be sure of that," muttered Tod.

"Sure of it? What I can't understand is how you can even think of doubting me."

"Everything I ever tried against Manley always seemed to bound back on my own head," grumbled Owen.

"Because, my dear fellow, you haven't had enough experience in such things. I've had quantities of experience in the line of getting square with folks I don't like."

"Oh, you have, eh?" demanded Tod, looking straight into his companion's eyes.

"Why, of course," replied Duval, almost genially. "I've never let an enemy get away from me yet. Why, I've hired that fellow Jimpson a dozen times in the last two years. He always has his nerve with him, and he's always well paid for what he does. Now, if you happen to be in need of a little cash——"

"I don't need any," rejoined Owen, thoughtfully. "Ever since Manley and I have seemed to be good friends, my dad has been so pleased that there isn't anything too good for me."

"Why, that's just as it ought to be," glowed Gaston.

"In this job you'll make such a grand—though useless—fight for Manley that your father can't help being delighted."

"I like the sound of that," admitted Owen, looking more pleased than he had done so far.

"Ah! Now you're waking up! You and I'll be able to get together, after all, Tod Owen."

"But just what are you going to do to Manley if I help you to get him?"

"That must be my affair," retorted the Creole, with a tightening of his lips.

"You don't trust me, then?"

"There isn't any need to trust you, Owen. You have only your share to do. Besides, my plans for Manley are not fully made as yet," finished the Creole, lyingly.

But Tod was again staring, darkly thoughtful, into the fire.

Duval rose, pacing the room with movements that suggested the caged tiger.

"If this Bradford baby plays with me," muttered Gaston, to himself. "he won't leave this house!"

But the Bradford athlete seemed to be coming to a decision. His face cleared as he, too, rose and began to pace the floor.

"Duval, if you're sure that I won't get mixed up wrong in this business——"

Gaston made a gesture of impatience.

"Well, then, Duval, I begin to see my way clear."

"And you'll help?"

"Yes."

Tod spoke quickly, as if he feared that he would change his own mind.

"I can depend upon you to the limit?" insisted the Creole.

"To the limit and the finish!" responded Tod, promptly.

"Your hand, Owen!"

The two plotters exchanged firm hand grips.

"You won't be sorry for this, Owen!"

"I feel it. I know it!"

"This will be a great stroke of business for both of us."

"It will," Tod agreed, huskily.

"Then, shake again!"

Once more their hands met, in long, firm clasp.

CHAPTER X.

HOW THE PLOT WORKED.

"Can I come in?" queried Tod.

"Why not?" smiled Frank, as he threw the front door wide open.

"Tired to-day, aren't you?" asked Tod, as he stepped inside and Manley closed the door.

"An athlete never has any right to be tired," chuckled Frank. "Will you come up to my den?"

He led the way upstairs.

Bradford's captain had called on our hero at the latter's home, Sunday afternoon.

"I just dropped in to wish you a Happy New Year," went on Tod.

"Many, many of them for you!"

"And I also wanted to inquire how the carnival has turned out?"

"As a money-maker it has been a hit," Frank replied. "Whether it has been a success in other ways, you are as well qualified as I to judge."

"Well, you beat us at hockey again yesterday afternoon," smiled Tod.

"But only by a score of eight to seven."

"That curling match between Egypt and Rutherford was the best thing of the afternoon," replied Tod, referring to the Saturday events of the day before. "But how do you come out financially?"

"Well, if to-morrow turns out as big as Saturday, and it ought to, being New Year's, then we shall clear something like eight hundred dollars for the treasury."

"Whew!" muttered Tod, looking pleased, whether he was or not. "What a big change in a year, Manley! Why, I remember the time when your club was glad if it could get up an entertainment and sell a hundred tickets at a quarter apiece."

"And I remember how long we waited and wished for a good horizontal bar," laughed Frank.

"And had for a gym only the old rookery that used to be a boat-building shop."

"That was a good gym," Frank declared, stoutly. "Sometimes I wonder if we're any happier with our new, big gym."

"Of course you are!"

"Well, of course, it's a great thing to have a gym with baths."

"We never had to struggle for anything over in our club," mused Tod.

"No; you fellows were lucky."

"But we have never had as good a club."

"You're changing all that fast," laughed Frank. "Time was when we went into a game with you, almost certain of winning. Now, when we go into a game, we wonder whether it is going to be possible to win against you."

"You generally do, though," grinned young Owen.

"We're winning fewer and fewer games from you, Tod."

Frank leaned back in his big and comfortable arm-chair. Tod looked at him critically.

"You really look dog-tired, old man," said Tod, presently.

"I am, nervously and mentally, I suppose. This carnival has been a big strain on me."

"Especially with that demon, Duval, working his dastardly games against you."

"I suppose his doings have told on me somewhat. After your enemy has resorted even to blowing the ice up under

your feet when you skate, you're likely to find your nerves shaken."

"Been out to-day?" asked Tod.

"For about an hour and a half this morning."

"What doing?"

"Skating."

"It hasn't freshened you up the way it ought to have done," went on Tod. "You'd better try some of my medicine."

"What's that?"

"Tramping—about six or seven miles of it."

"I'll admit that I'm almost too lazy for it to-day," Manley answered.

"Oh, come now!"

"Well, there are times when rest is as much needed as exercise is at other times."

"Then you won't come?"

"Not this time."

"Too bad," sighed Tod. "I was going to ask you to go, as a favor to me."

"Oh, I suppose I could go," nodded Frank, sitting up straighter.

Tod was on the right track now—putting it as a favor. Manley hated to refuse favors to those whom he liked.

"There's something I want to show you on a walk," pursued Bradford's captain.

"What is it?"

"Oh, I don't want to tell you until you've seen it for yourself. But I regard it as very important. Won't you come, old fellow, to oblige me?"

"Certainly I will," Frank replied, rising from the chair, and stretching.

Tod, too, arose, turning his face somewhat that Manley might not see the look of satisfaction in his eyes.

"Frank!" called Mrs. Manley, from the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, mother!" hailed Manley, opening his door.

"You're wanted at the telephone."

"Pardon me, Tod," and Frank bounded down the stairs.

"Hello! Who is it?" he inquired, picking up the receiver.

"Guess," came the answer.

"Kit!"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Frank, I want you to be on your guard!"

"I always am, dear girl. But what's the especial need just now?"

"Frank, the cousin of our stableman was out gunning, and he saw Tod Owen and Gaston Duval together. He got a glimpse of them through the trees."

"What were they doing—fighting?" smiled Frank.

"Not a bit of it! Frank, they were shaking hands."

"I believe I have heard of people doing that before."

"Don't laugh, Frank. It looks to me as if this were serious. Are you sure that you can trust Tod?"

"As sure of him as I am of any one outside of the four or five people who are really dear to me."

"But I don't like this news about Tod."

"I can ask him about it, Kit. He's upstairs now."

A smothered exclamation came over the wire from Miss Dunstan.

"In fact, Kit, he and I are just going out for a tramp of a few miles. I was getting ready when you called me."

"Frank," asked Kitty, very solemnly, "do you think it wise to go out with Tod?"

"Why, I've done it often enough before."

"But in view of his being seen with Duval—the two of them apparently on the best of terms?"

"I'll ask Tod about it."

"But if he's inclined to aid Duval, Tod won't tell you the truth."

"Oh, it's nothing that can't be explained, Kit."

"Well, if you're sure——"

"Of course I am, dear girl!"

"All right, then," came Kitty's sigh over the 'phone.

"But there is one favor I want to ask of you."

"What's that, Kit?"

"When you get back from the walk, call me up at once and let me know that you are all right."

"I'll do it—surely."

"I suppose you think I am a goose."

"Kit, you know very well what I think of you. I'm not going to burden the telephone wires with it."

"Good-by, then."

"Good-by, and thank you for calling me up."

Smiling, Frank ran up the stairs and into his room.

"I've just heard, Tod, that you've been seen with Duval."

"Where was that?" queried Tod, lazily.

"Oh, somewhere off on a country road."

"It is quite true," admitted Tod, simply.

Had he denied it, Manley's suspicion would have been suddenly and sharply aroused.

But Tod had taken just the right course in admitting the meeting.

"Worse than that," railed Manley, "you are accused of shaking hands with him."

"Also quite true," agreed Tod, indifferently.

"How was that?" our hero asked, lightly.

"Well, I was off on one of my tramps, and met Duval. You know, he gave me a pretty good thumping one day. Well, he said he hoped there was no hard feeling and offered his hand," lied Tod. "What could I do? If I refused him my hand it would make me look like a baby, since I was the one thrashed. So I took his hand, though I felt just as I would if I had picked up a snake."

"I thought the explanation would be something like that," smiled Manley. "So you and Duval are going to be friends?"

"I'm afraid we couldn't be, at a distance of less than ten thousand miles," proclaimed young Owen.

Frank, in the meantime, had been lacing up his walking shoes.

"See here, Frank, if you really don't feel fit for a little tramp——"

"Oh, but I do!" interposed the young athlete.

Tod had again taken the right course for stirring Frank into action.

Manley, like all athletes, disliked to acknowledge that an ordinary exertion was distasteful.

So, in five minutes more, the two young captains were out in the open and striking out briskly for the river road.

At four in the afternoon the thermometer was just below zero; the air so crisp and dry that smart walking was a pleasure.

"Where are we headed for?" asked Manley.

"Oh, that's a secret, until we get there," Tod answered.

"That's right," Frank agreed. "It's understood that I mustn't ask any questions until I'm told that I can."

"And a bargain is a bargain," laughed Tod.

"Certainly. Always."

Tod was delighted.

It was clear that Manley didn't suspect a thing.

He was walking blindly into the trap set for him, and this, too, after an effort had been made to open his eyes.

But had young Owen made a single misstep, Manley would not have been with him now.

The success of the plot, so far, was due to Frank's entire trust in those whom he believed to be his friends.

The two young captains kept on briskly, leaving the river road and going up over one of the rural roads.

As they walked, they talked of many matters.

The day was turning off cloudy, and it was already nearly dark on this lonesome country road.

But at last Tod became silent.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" rallied our hero.

"I'm thinking."

"About the thing that you brought me out here to see?"

"Yes."

"Are we almost there?"

"Right ahead, there," responded Owen, nodding at a house on their left.

"What! The Jennison place?"

"Yes. I'm thinking of hiring it for our club."

"Why, it's a goodish way from Bradford."

"It is, but the club can use the place," lied Tod. "I'm thinking of fitting the place up with a rifle range, and going in for rifle work."

"Not a bad idea," nodded Manley.

They had turned in at the gate, and were walking up toward the house, now.

"I've got the key. We'll go in and look the place over," proposed Tod.

Frank had stopped for a moment before the house.

"Tod," he whispered, "do you expect to find any one else here?"

"Not a soul."

"Then I'm going to be careful about going inside."

"Why?"

"Because I just caught sight of two faces peering out through that blind over there."

Tod gave a start, while Manley, stepping back a little, began to look the house over.

"If there's any one in there," whispered Tod, "we can easily down them."

"Depends on how many are in there," Frank whispered back.

"I'm going in alone, if you don't go with me," retorted the Bradford boy.

"I'll go in," volunteered Frank, "if you'll stay outside and watch."

"Oh, we can both go in together."

Frank, therefore, agreed, though he did not think such a proceeding wholly wise.

Tod fitted his key in the lock, admitting them to a dark hallway.

"You've got some light here, of course?" asked Frank, as they stepped inside.

"Oh, yes—a couple of lamps."

"You won't need 'em," growled a gruff voice that made Manley jump.

In the dark it seemed as if the hallway was full of men.

Frank saw that two men barred the way to the door.

"Down the kids!" came the same gruff voice.

The onslaught began with a rush.

Blows rained in that dark hallway.

Frank could not see anything clearly, but he hit out right and left, striking with all his might. He tried to put a ton of weight behind each blow that he struck.

"Where are you, Tod?" called our hero.

"Here," panted Tod.

Sure that he would not hit his friend, Manley fought with redoubled fury.

Fighting and plunging, he reached the door.

One of the men made an effort, now, to close it, but Manley hurled his body in the way.

Some one grabbed the Woodstock athlete in a wrestling hold.

Manley struck him a crushing blow in the face.

Another man tried to strike him. Manley made out the fist just in time, ducked, countered and heard the groan with which his savage blow was received.

Just for a second the way was clear.

A second was all that Frank needed.

"Come on, Tod!" shouted Manley. "The way is clear!" Clear, indeed!

Frank bounded over the sill, reached the porch at a bound, and in a second bound he gained the ground below.

"They can't hold us, Tod!" he cheered. "Come along!"

Manley stood, for an instant, like a sprinter on his marks, ready for the dash to safety.

CHAPTER XI.

FOR HELPING A "FRIEND."

"Manley, don't leave me!"

The despairing appeal came from Tod Owen, back somewhere in the dark depths of the hallway.

Frank turned like a flash.

"Leave you?" he vibrated. "Not for a second!"

Heedless of the danger, Manley sprang back, all the warm blood in his nature bounding to the surface.

He had thought Tod capable of fighting his way to the door.

But Tod, in danger, was a very different matter.

Manley did not pause as he reached the open doorway.

Without thought or caution, he plunged inside once more, shouting hoarsely:

"Where are you, Tod?"

"Here!" sounded a gasping voice in the darkness.

Frank darted forward, both fists ready.

He was prepared to fight his way to Owen's side.

Two men in his way tried to close with our hero.

Manley struck out.

Soon he might have gotten by them.

But another assailant, leaping over the baluster railing, landed on our hero's shoulders.

That clinch proved too much.

Assailed from front and rear, Frank Manley went down—though he went down fighting for all that there was in him.

The conflict now was short and all one-sided.

A vicious blow on the head made Frank's brain whirl.

Dimly he realized what was happening in the next few moments.

When it was all over he was tied, hand and foot, and sore from head to foot.

"Shut that door!" ordered the voice of the leader of the gang. "Now, get a light, some one."

"Are you all right, Tod?" Frank asked, anxiously.

"All wrong," gritted Bradford's captain. "They've tied me."

"Same here."

A man came back with the light.

Frank's quick eyes took in all that there was to be seen.

Their assailants were five sturdy men, and a tougher-looking gang it would be hard to find in any State prison.

But Manley was quick to note the leader.

"So, this is your game, Jimpson?" demanded Manley, in a dry voice.

"You know me, then?" queried that rascal.

"I know you to be Duval's dog."

"Oh, well," retorted Jimpson, with a grin. "what you know won't do any harm now."

"You fellows have no right in this house," flared Tod, in pretended anger.

"Oh, our rights don't bother us much," leered Jimpson.

"What made you think we were going to be here?" demanded Frank, with a sudden glimmer of a suspicion that made him feel sick.

Had Kitty, after all, been right in her suspicion?

Was this Tod's trick?

"We didn't know it," laughed Jimpson, roughly. "But, you see, we happen to have been camping here. You fell right into a trap that we didn't have to take the trouble to set."

"You'd better turn us loose, and better be quick about it, too!" challenged young Owen. "If you don't, things will go hard with you. My dad is not exactly a poor man, and he'll spend a good deal of money to hunt you fellows down after this outrage."

Jimpson's answer was a vicious kick, aimed at Tod's side.

Young Owen gasped, then moaned.

How was Frank to know that the kick was not as hard as it seemed? It all looked very genuine.

"You keep quiet until you're spoken to!" advised Jimpson, with an oath. "You're not the principal one we're after, anyway. If you keep a quiet tongue in your head you may get out of this with a good deal less hurt than this other chap. But you go to making any talk and you'll get the same dose he does."

"You big braggart!" cried Tod, in pretended rage. "You bully, coward, loafer!"

Another kick, and Tod subsided, gasping a good deal.

"Now, bring 'em into the next room," ordered Jimpson.

The two boys were lifted and carried into the dining-room of the house.

All the curtains were down, and presumably the blinds were closed, as these rascals would hardly want passersby on the road to know that the place was occupied.

The air was thick and rank with tobacco smoke.

The dining-table had been pushed into a corner, leaving the center of the room clear.

"Put 'em down there," directed Jimpson, pointing to the middle of the floor.

There was a fire going in the stove. The room was almost insufferably hot.

Jimpson called one of the men into the kitchen, had a talk with him behind the closed door, and then came back alone.

"Where's your boss?" asked Frank.

"Meaning—who?" leered Jimpson.

"You know well enough whom I mean."

"No, I don't."

"Duval's your boss. He owns you, body and soul, you yellow dog!" growled Tod.

He was acting his part well.

"Duval?" jeered Jimpson, looking down almost good-naturedly at the Bradford boy. "Who's he?"

"You've sent for Duval, I suppose?" challenged Frank.

"As I don't know him," retorted Jimpson, leeringly. "how could I send for him. Friend of yours? If he is, we don't want him around here just now."

Manley did not reply. He saw the uselessness of trying to make Jimpson admit that Duval was his employer.

"We'll sit down and think this thing over a little while," proposed Jimpson, with a chuckle. "Nothing is to be gained by hurry."

Jimpson's three remaining helpers seated themselves at a table in the corner, engaging in a game of cards.

As for Jimpson, that worthy lighted a pipe with a villainous odor, and sat in the warmest corner by the stove, smoking and thinking.

"It's their day now, but ours will come," muttered Tod, in an undertone to Frank.

Such seemingly honest resentment glowed in Owen's eyes that Manley could not find it in his heart to suspect him any longer.

So the time slipped by, and the clouds of smoke in the room became so dense that the young athletes sputtered and choked.

"What can the game be?" Frank found chance to whisper to Tod, for Jimpson did not seem to be paying much attention to them.

"Jimpson doesn't know himself," Tod whispered back. "He has sent for his employer. When Duval gets here we'll find out what's up."

"Stop that whispering!" ordered Jimpson, suddenly.

Though he did not leave his chair, he grabbed a poker and eyed the two prisoners so meaningly that they kept quiet.

At least an hour and a half had slipped by—"slipped" for the men absorbed in the card game, though it dragged for the two young prisoners.

Then the kitchen door opened, and Jimpson's missing helper showed his face. Jimpson hurried out to him, and there was a long, low talk behind the kitchen door.

Then Jimpson came back, and the card game broke up, the helpers gathering around their chief.

Picking up the poker once more, Jimpson eyed it, then opened the stove door and thrust the iron in among the glowing coals.

"Take off that chap's shoes and socks," directed the chief. "No; not that fellow's—the other fellow," as one of the men made a move to uncover Tod's feet.

So, after Manley's legs had been bound around at the calves, and the ankle lashings cut away, one of the wretches slowly removed his shoes and stockings.

Jimpson, in the meantime, had sat down with an oil-stone in his lap.

Over this he stroked the largest blade of his pocket-knife, pausing, now and then, to examine the edge of the blade.

"Great bluff!" sneered Tod.

"Is, eh?" retorted Jimpson. "What do you know about bluffs?"

"Do you think you're scaring us any?" persisted Tod.

"That remains to be seen," replied the wretch, coolly. "Maybe we will succeed before we get through with you. But see here, Owen, if only you have the sense to keep your

mouth pretty well closed you won't get into such a big heap of trouble yourself. It's the other fellow that we're sour on, principally."

"You're not scaring either of us much," insisted Tod.

"I don't want to scare you, Owen, unless you make the mistake of talking too much."

"Tod is altogether too reckless in his generosity to me," muttered Frank, inwardly. "I wish I could give him a tip to keep quiet and save himself trouble."

Jimpson kept persistently on with his whetting, until at last he seemed to have the knife blade sharpened to his satisfaction.

"Keep this handy, Bill, and give it to me when I want it," he requested, passing the knife to one of his crew.

Then Jimpson got up and withdrew the poker from the fire, regarding its cherry-red end critically.

"Almost hot enough!" he muttered.

Then he turned to Manley, eyeing that young athlete with a look of wicked interest.

"Pretty fond of athletics, ain't ye, Manley?" he asked.

Frank made no answer, save by the contemptuous glance from his eyes.

"It'll be a big blow to you, I reckon, when you realize that your days for athletics are over?"

Still Frank did not reply.

"It's a simple enough operation," went on Jimpson, as if bent on imparting information. "We're going to hobble your feet—that's what we're going to do!"

Though he had expected the worst all along, yet at this definite announcement Manley felt the cold sweat ooze out all over his body.

He did not, for a moment, hope that this threat had been uttered merely for the purpose of frightening him.

Well enough he knew that Gaston Duval would be capable of any infamy. Duval would be equally certain to hire tools whom he knew would have the nerve to carry out his orders.

"It's an easy enough job," went on Jimpson, eyeing his prisoner gloatingly. "All we have to do is to burn the soles of the feet good and plenty, and cut out a few of the sinews. That'll fix the feet so you can't ever walk much on 'em again, and I reckon it'll cut all your athletics for you."

"You don't dare!" choked Tod, in the violence of his pretended rage. "Jimpson, every one of your crew will be followed to the end of the earth if necessary. It will mean twenty years apiece for you in prison."

"Funny that we dare, then, ain't it?" mocked Jimpson.

"Oh, you're brave enough now!" raged Tod. "Wait till we see you in court, facing the judge and jury, with all the courage oozing out at your finger-tips. Then you'll wish you had kept out of this business!"

Jimpson again took the poker out of the fire, looking calculatingly at the glowing end.

"I guess we're all ready now, fellows!" he announced.

As if at the signal, the others threw themselves upon Manley, holding him so that he could not even wriggle.

Jimpson knelt, picking up Manley's bared right foot and resting it over one knee.

"This don't require no surgeon," chuckled the wretch. "And, after I'm through, there ain't no surgeon in the land that can make these feet right again!"

CHAPTER XII.

A BIFF IN NEED.

"Stop that!" screamed Tod.

"Shut up!"

The only ruffian who was unoccupied gave Tod a pretended kick in the side.

"Help!" roared Owen.

The answer came instantly.

Crash!

The smashing of window-panes was followed by the hasty opening of the hall door.

"Stop that!" roared a boy's voice.

"Down 'em!"

Into the room poured boy after boy.

Others were trying to get in at the window.

"Jupiter!" gasped Jimpson.

Dropping Manley's foot, he leaped to his feet.

In his excitement he tossed his best weapon, the red-hot poker, behind the stove.

"Don't let one of 'em get away!" shouted a commanding voice.

Even before he had seen enough to realize it all, Frank's heart thrilled with joy at the sound of that voice.

It was Hal's!

And Spofford certainly was in a rage for that usually quiet boy.

"Get after 'em, Humphrey!" roared Joe's voice. "If they show any fight, we'll play 'em into each other's hands!"

So the Biff Twins were there!

"Give me your shoulder. I'll climb in first!" sounded Dick Foster's voice at the smashed-in window.

That meant that the Trouble Trio, also, were on hand!

But the room itself was full of youngsters, rushing, eager, every one of them heading for some of the miscreants.

After one wild, hunted look at the incomers, Jimpson made a dash for one of the windows, regardless of the fact that there were other foes outside.

But Joe, leaping after him, caught the wretch a fearful blow on the jaw.

That blow caught Jimpson and sent him staggering back.

He fell right in the path of Humphrey, who was angrily waiting for him.

Biff!

Right on the other side of the jaw landed that blow, and down to the floor, prostrate, frightened and quivering, went Jimpson.

He had met with a compound fracture of the jaw, and now he could not even speak.

His jaw refused to work; his tongue was powerless.

Swift as thought, the Biff Twins turned for other fields of action—for other victims.

It wasn't anything like a "fair fight"—but what need was there of "fairness"?

These wretches had been caught in the act—in the very perpetration of a crime that deprived them of all rights in combat.

Hal and Jack Winston had one of the miscreants down, and struggled with him but a few seconds before other youngsters piled into the scrimmage.

Dick Foster, getting in at the window, had pounced upon one of the roughs.

Now that man was down, and the entire membership of the Trouble Trio was sitting gleefully on him.

Nor did the two remaining toughs have much longer shrift.

They had not a particle of show.

There were "boys to burn"—more of them in the hallway, and more of them outside.

"All over!" announced Hal, in savage glee.

"Set 'em up in the other alley!" clicked Joe. "See here, Jimpson, couldn't you do better than this? Was this the best sort of scrimmage you could put up the men for?"

Joe bent over the fallen wretch to shake him into an answer, but suddenly the truth dawned on Prescott.

"Jaw broken, eh?" demanded Joe, without any great show of feeling. "That's the worst thing that could happen to you, Jimpson! You were talking in such chipper fashion when we came in."

Hal had risen to look around the room.

"Since everything is settled," he remarked, "you'd better tie these excellent gentlemen. We've brought cord enough to tie a regiment."

Then Hal stepped quickly over to Frank, whom he had free in a jiffy.

Distleigh, of Bradford, performed the same service for Tod.

"It seems to me," remarked Frank, standing up and stretching himself, "that some sort of explanation is in order."

"Perhaps I can give it," broke in Tod.

"Why, gracious, there are half a dozen Bradford fellows here!" cried Frank.

"They're a part of the game," replied Tod. "But what about Duval?"

"Not in the house," reported Al Adams. "McGuire and I have looked all through."

"That spoils the best nine-tenths of it, then," muttered Tod, disappointedly. "I was in hopes he'd be here. I had counted on catching him."

"I'm still in the dark," uttered Frank, plaintively.

"Well, then," grinned Tod, "you shall have the truth—the whole, brutal truth. I sold myself out—went over to the enemy. Became Duval's tool."

"Yes, you did!" retorted Manley, incredulously.

"Well, I certainly did," clicked Tod. "See here, Duval must have got to digging into ancient history, for he sent for me. It struck me that there was something queer in that, so I met him. Just as I supposed. He believed that, secretly, I still hated you, Frank. I let him keep on thinking so, Frank. I fell in with his plans, and—well, you saw how I betrayed you to-day!"

"I'm very well satisfied with this sort of betrayal," smiled Frank.

"Of course," admitted Tod, "my plans leaked out to some of your fellows, and to some of the Bradford boys. But that couldn't be helped."

"But why on earth, Tod, didn't you tell me something of this?" Frank demanded. "Why was it necessary to keep me in the dark all the while?"

"Why, if I had told you, you might have interfered with some of my plans," retorted Tod. "I talked it over with Hal and Joe, and they agreed with me that you might not approve of our plan. We expected to catch Duval here, too, and it was our idea to pound every one of the wretches until he couldn't stand up. We were afraid that that would seem too ugly to your easy-going disposition. So we decided not to consult you until the thing was done. But our plans are nine-tenths spoiled by not catching Duval here."

"We've got a pretty good sweep, anyway," rejoined Manley, looking around in a satisfied way. "We've got Jimpson and the rest of this crew. They'll have to spend most of the near future behind bars, and it will be hard for Duval to replace them. Such a choice lot of unhung rogues can't be hired every day, even if one has a lot of money to spend on such luxuries!"

"We'll land Gaston Duval mighty quick, anyway, if he stays in this part of the country," predicted Tod.

"Not, I am afraid, unless there was some witness to your conversation with him," sighed Frank.

"There wasn't," Tod admitted, ruefully.

"Then this evening's work will only deprive him of his tools. But that's a good deal in itself. And it won't be easy to find new men, if they happen to hear what happened to Jimpson."

Frank glanced down at the wretch with the broken jaw, and a feeling of compassion came over him.

"See here, fellows, no doubt this rascal ought to be hung. But, just at present, he's suffering a good deal of agony. We ought to have his injury looked after."

"Oh, of course!" uttered Joe, disgustedly. "It was heartless of us that we didn't bring an automobile ambulance with us so that we could rush him to a doctor at a mile a minute!"

But Jackets, catching Manley's eye, departed stealthily in quest of aid for the injured Jimpson.

Hal suddenly busied himself with stamping out a smoldering fire that the red-hot poker had started in the carpet back of the stove.

There were six Bradford boys in the rescuing party, and nearly a dozen of the Woodstocks.

These now all gathered in the room.

"We must get a wagon to take these cattle to town in," suggested Hal.

"Jackets has already gone on that errand," Frank answered.

"Am I forgiven, Manley, for having gone over to the enemy and sold you out?" Tod ventured to ask.

Frank regarded him with an odd smile, then held out his hand.

"Oh, no!" retorted Tod, drawing back. "You can't take the hand of a Judas."

"It appears," retorted Frank, "that there are Judases and Judases. The worst that I can accuse you of is carrying this thing through successfully without letting me have a hand in it."

"Except to be the dupe," grinned Tod. "But say! That was a hard bit of acting I had to do—to keep you fooled and keep the other crowd fooled, too."

As Frank released his hand, Tod moved away for another look at the downfallen Jimpson.

"Hal," whispered our hero, "I shall be mighty glad when I get near a telephone. Kitty warned me that Tod and Duval had been seen together. When she heard that I was going out with Tod she made me promise to call her up as soon as I got home. Poor girl! She'll be worried."

"It will be her own fault, then," retorted Hal. "After talking with you she called me up and told me what was doing. I was just on the point of hurrying out of the house myself. But I told her not to be worried—that there was a plot on hand, but that Tod was white and had tipped us off. She isn't worrying about you a mite, old fellow!"

"It seems to me," chuckled Frank, "that I've been pretty well looked after by friends behind my back to-day."

"It will be a perfect job," whispered Hal, "if only we can nab Duval with the rest."

"Don't speak of it, then, before this crew of his. Unless we can make them squeal on their boss, I don't see much hope of fastening this thing on Duval."

Hal ground his teeth, but remained silent.

"Perhaps you've got him trapped, too, without telling me?" hinted Frank.

But Hal remained silent.

There being nothing to do but to wait until Jackets returned, the youngsters soon found that there was little to talk about.

But at last there was the sound of hoofs and wheels outside, and the youngsters ran out.

Jackets had come back, with a farmer driving a two-horse wagon.

"There'll be a doctor here in a little while," announced Winston. "And Frank, I telephoned to Chief of Police Griscomb. He has sent two policemen to watch the hotel and see that Duval doesn't get away."

There was still, then, plenty of excitement left, and the evening was young!

But the doctor was longer in coming than had been expected.

It took the medico some time to do the best that he could for the pain-stricken Jimpson.

But at last that worthy had been bandaged and placed in the wagon. The four roughs of his crew were added.

Under escort of the young athletes from Woodstock and Bradford the wagon was hauled into town.

At the police station the prisoners were turned over to Chief Griscomb.

A crowd gathered outside the station-house, but it got no satisfaction from the youngsters.

Inside, Griscomb made strong efforts to induce some of the gang to tell of Duval's connection with the outrage.

While this "third degree" was going on, most of the young athletes withdrew to the gym, there to await the news.

Not the least surprised man in Woodstock that night was Dr. Holbrook, when he received word that he was wanted at the police station.

In great amazement, the venerable principal of the academy hurried down to Griscomb's office.

"Come below, doctor," urged the chief. "I've got some men I want to show you, and I want to tell you something about them."

Police officer and principal disappeared down the stairs to the cell-room.

When they came up again, Dr. Holbrook looked greatly worried.

"Although I can't make them confess a thing, doctor," the chief was saying, "there isn't a shadow of a doubt that they are roughs hired by young Gaston Duval. Duval is certainly the biggest young scoundrel we have ever had in this town. Yet, at his request, you request Manley to leave your academy."

"But Duval's uncle holds a mortgage on my academy," quivered the old man. "If I allow Manley to attend, that mortgage will be foreclosed. It will mean ruin for me."

"There are other things that might spell ruin, too, doctor," broke in Hal.

"What do you mean, Spofford?" demanded the old man.

"Well, sir," Hal went on, courageously, as he drew a paper from his pocket, "as soon as Joe and myself heard about Manley's expulsion from the academy, we and some others went to work. Here is a paper, sir, signed by every present pupil of yours, except Manley. In this paper we all declare that we will not resume study at the academy unless Manley is one of the pupils, too. And I may add, sir, that each one of us has the consent of his parents in signing this document. Now, sir, will there be any use in opening the academy after the holidays, if you have no pupils?"

Dr. Holbrook took the paper with trembling hands.

"Spofford, Prescott—and Manley," replied the doctor, "what the chief has told me has naturally put me out of all conceit with young Duval. But this paper will enable me to show his uncle, if need be, that I cannot let Manley go without closing my academy. So Manley shall remain my pupil."

* * * * *

All efforts to make Jimpson's rogues confess to Duval's leadership proved useless. They stood trial and went to

prison, knowing well that they could extort large sums from Gaston Duval on their release, two years later.

But while the little gathering still lingered in the police station, a policeman came hurrying in with the news:

"Duval must have got wind, in some way, of what has happened. He has just left the hotel and is at the depot, waiting for the midnight train."

There was a quick rush. The boys waiting at the gym were picked up and added to the crowd.

Nearly a score of Woodstock and Bradford athletes had crossed the track just as the midnight bells rang out, proclaiming the birth of a New Year.

Immediately after the midnight train rolled in at the station.

The running boys were just in time to see Gaston Duval ascend the rear platform as the train started again.

"Now, then, altogether!" directed Joe.

And, on the frosty air, there came to the ears of fleeing Gaston Duval this derisive chorus:

"Wish you a Happy New Year!"

As the train pulled out of sight, Manley, with moist eyes, turned to his friends.

"Fellows," he declared, "I guess, after all, it's going to be a really Happy New Year for us all. You know, no matter what others do, the happiness of the year rests mainly with one's self. So, now then, what is each one of us going to try to make for himself?"

Back came the hearty chorus, this time in intense earnest:

"A Happy New Year!"

THE END.

Next week comes the story for which thousands of our readers have asked: "FRANK MANLEY'S STOLEN GOAL; OR, THE NEWEST TRICK IN BASKETBALL," will be published complete in No. 18 of Frank Manley's Weekly, out next week! It is a magnificent story of basketball, and of other winter sport, while the story itself will prove to be one of absorbing interest from the first line to the last. It is one of the best stories that we have published in many a week!

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 49.

Never before, in the history of this country, have athletics taken such a firm hold on the popular mind.

In England it is the same, for the English, once a strong and hearty race, have found, in the last few years, that it is difficult to get enough men who are physically fit to be soldiers.

When the strong demand comes for physical training, it is natural that there should be many methods advised.

It is also equally natural that many misguided persons should rise up and warn us against the "perils" of trying to make ourselves strong and healthy through exercise.

Why, a wise doctor in Birmingham, England, has just announced that he knows of many cases of floating kidney, and even of insanity, that are to be traced to the present "fad for athletics."

There are not wanting medical men and others in this country who are trying to warn us that we should stop exercising unless we wish to make wrecks of ourselves.

What idiotic nonsense this is!

On the other hand, wise thinkers and public teachers who have watched the course of affairs between Russia and Japan have been telling us, for the past year or more, that the nation of athletes has always the best chance of success, either in peace or in war.

The Japanese are a nation of athletes. In war they have shown themselves to be invincible. In peace they proved that in thirty years they could pick up all of our advanced western civilization that they needed.

The Russians are not a race of athletes. As a nation they do not go in for physical training in the sense that we understand it. They work hard, and believe that their work furnishes them with all the exercise that they need.

To go back to ancient times, the Greeks were the most famous athletes. The Greek who was not an enduring athlete was regarded with contempt by his neighbors.

At that time the little nation of Greece—and it wasn't really a nation, either, but a group of four tiny nations—was able to hurl back the armed millions of Asia, where exercise was not held in high esteem.

At the time of her greatest athletic splendor, Greece had also the greatest thinkers, artists and workmen in the world at that time.

After Greece began to go down, through lack of interest in athletics, Rome rose, through the liking of her people

for athletic sports, and Roman armies marched over and conquered all the then known world.

When did England win her greatest triumphs and lay the foundations of her great empire? In the times when every man wrestled, boxed, ran and exercised with the quarter-staff!

Of what stuff were the men who won our own war of the Revolution?

They were sturdy pioneers—men who lived active, physical lives in the open air; men who, with all their work, found abundant time for athletic games!

In these days, only as far back as the war with Spain, army officers were delighted at getting recruits from among our college athletes.

Our President has urged that all who enter the public service be careful to keep in constant physical training. Why? Simply because the man or woman who keeps in constant, moderate training, is known to be the most valuable and enduring public servant.

Our great railroad managements are all the time putting the standards of physical qualifications in employes higher and higher.

Great manufacturing concerns, or many of them, provide gymnasiums in which their employes may exercise in leisure hours.

In scores of different branches of business employers now insist upon the physical examination of their new employes, where formerly such a thing was not dreamed of.

And all because it has been found that in this busy, rushing age, an employe is really of little value unless he possesses good, physical strength and endurance.

Yet, despite the general awakening to the crying need for the physical-training life, you will find those who will try to scare you out of athletics with the claim that lack of exercise is better for you.

You can easily settle this matter for yourself, without any one's help.

Just glance around you at young men who, you know, never exercise, and who go out of doors as little as they can.

Contrast them with some healthy, vigorous, rosy-cheeked young athlete of your acquaintance.

Then you will know what answer to give to those who try to talk to you about the "perils" of athletics.

If you took no exercise at all up to six months ago, but have been exercising in the open air ever since, you will have another answer ready in your own person.

Now, as to the system of exercise that you take, it matters little, provided you take up with a system that gives you an abundance of light, quick exercise and plenty of deep-breathing drill.

Greater lung capacity is always of more importance than mere increase in the size of the muscles, for the man with the greatest lung capacity will always be found to have the greatest endurance in times of strain.

Systems of training that call for the lifting of heavy weights are not suitable for boys. Such systems will only over-develop you and cause you to break down in later life. Keep to the light, quick work.

Letters from Readers

NOTICE.—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as "Frank Manley's Weekly" is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

Acadia Plant., Thibodaux, La.

Dear Physical Director:

I think the Young Athlete's Weekly is getting better every week. Frank Manley is a peach. Hal Spofford is all right and also is Joe Prescott, Al Adams, Inow Sato, Mike McGulre and the rest. As for little Jackets he is a plum. I like him very much. When I get the Young Athlete's Weekly I lend it to a number of my friends. They say it is the best weekly book published. Kitty Dunstan, Fannie Jackson, and Grace Scott are good girls. I hope the Girls' Walking Club is improving. Before I did not like Tod Owen so good, but I do now since he saved Frank Manley's life. He is a plum, but as you know the peaches are the best. I hope Frank will play football, because I don't understand football so well. I want to learn how to play it. A few questions now. (1) Is too much meat good to eat? (2) Is it good to stay up long at night outdoors? (3) Is it good to run plenty at night? (4) Is it good to read too much and at night? (5) Is it good to play baseball in winter, because we are planning to play? (6) I want you to tell me is it healthy to smoke once a week; the reason I ask you is that some of my friends told me that. I told them that it is not true and that it is bad to smoke. I wish you would answer this question for me and my friends. I am not going to smoke or chew or drink any kind of liquor. Is Frank Manley's Weekly a true story? Please answer these questions. I hope my letter is not too long. Hoping to see this in print, I am,

Yours respectfully,

Geo. A. Bondreaux.

(1) I can answer your question best by telling you my own training diet. I eat cereals, vegetables, fruits and nuts; cheese or fish occasionally; no eggs, but once in awhile a little meat, perhaps four or five times in a month. I keep on training diet all the time for general health. On this diet I can work hard and endure any reasonable athletic strain. The doctors pronounce me in perfect condition. (2) Of course not, although sleeping outdoors through the spring, summer and fall is good, and beneficial even in winter, if caution is used. (3) Better at night than not at all; the morning, around sun-up, is the best time for running. (4) Of course not. Read early and retire early. (5) I believe it can be managed all right, if care be taken not to get overheated and then sit on the ground. Sitting on the ground when heated would be likely to bring on pneumonia. (6) Smoking is no good at any time. You are sensible in your resolutions to leave tobacco and alcohol alone. (7) Who says not?

Wichita Falls, Tex., Sept. 10, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am glad to see the change in name from "The Young Athlete's Weekly" to "Frank Manley's Weekly," for I think it means an improvement that will carry it about as near perfection as it is possible for a five-cent weekly to attain. I expect a fine lot of numbers soon, and feel sure I will not be disappointed. Praise for Frank, Hal, Joe, Jackets and the others is superfluous. And keep up the Talks in the back on training. It has done me worlds of good. Hoping all the issues will be up to the present standard, I am,

Very truly yours,

A Manley Fanatic.

Thank you very much for your kind words. The aim is to make this Weekly improve with every number. I am glad, indeed, to know that the Talks have benefited you; that is what they are printed for.

Allegheny, Pa., Sept. 17, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

This is the second time I have written to you. The first one appeared in an early issue of The Young Athlete's Weekly. I have observed you talk rather keenly since I wrote to you before. Below are my measurements. Kindly state if I am improving fast enough. Age 16 years, neck 15 inches, forearm 11½ inches, arm 10½ inches, flexed 13 inches, elbow 10 inches, wrist 7¼ inches, chest normal 32 inches, chest expanded 36 inches, waist 31½ inches, hip 35½ inches, thigh 22½ inches, knee 16 inches, calf 15¾ inches, ankle 10 inches, height 5 feet 7½ inches, across chest 20 inches. Would I make a good "strong man," judging from my measurements? Does my weight correspond with my height and measurements? Hoping I have not taken up too much space, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

Norman Charlmalgne.

Readers wishing reference made to back numbers should be careful to state the number. Your measurements would seem to indicate powerful build, though your waist would appear to be too large. But as you have failed to state your weight, I am not able to give as accurate opinion as I could otherwise do.

Hillsdale, Mich., Aug. 14, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have just read Frank Manley's Weekly No. 1, and I like it very much. I would like to know something about myself, and would like to ask you a few questions. I am 12 years 11 months old, 4 feet 11 inches in height, shoulders 15 inches, chest normal 29½ inches, chest expanded 31¼ inches, arm from wrist to shoulder 16¼ inches, around wrist 5¼ inches, leg from hip to knee 15 inches, leg from knee to heel 16 inches, calf 12½ inches. (1) Which would be the best exercise, running or bicycle riding? (2) Are 5-pound Indian clubs about right for me? (3) What exercise would be best to make me stronger? With good wishes and a happy life to Frank Manley, I remain,

Yours truly,

John L. G. Monroe,

41 Broad street.

(1) Your measurements are fair. There is no comparison between bicycling and running. Running is inconceivably better. (2) Two pounds. Indian club work should always be of the light and speedy order. (3) Read Talks 44 and 45.

Marshall, Mo., Sept. 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I take the liberty of a constant reader to ask you a few questions. My measurements are: Chest normal 27, expanded 30½ inches, waist 24 inches, ankle 7 inches, calf 10¾ inches, wrist 5 inches, biceps 7 inches, biceps expanded 8¼. Age 14 years and 10 months, weight 85 pounds. How are my measurements and what is defective; also, how can they be developed?

Yours truly,

Cadet.

Height not stated, so unable to reply.

Sept. 26, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am very much interested in your Weekly, and read most of the issues. I would like to send you my measurements and have you answer a few questions. I am 17 years 2 months old, height 5 feet 7 inches, neck 13¾ inches, chest contracted 31¼ inches, normal 32¾ inches, expanded 34¼ inches, waist 29 inches, right arm muscle 11 inches, left 10¾ inches, right forearm

10¾ inches, left 10¼ inches, right wrist 6¼ inches, left wrist 6¼ inches, across shoulders 16½ inches, right thigh 19 inches, left thigh 18½ inches, right calf 14 inches, left calf 12¾ inches, weight 130 pounds. (1) How are my measurements? (2) Is coffee twice a day injurious to the health? (3) Is my waist too small? I play baseball and some football, skate, play hockey and handball. Hoping to have a reply in this Weekly within a short time, I am,

Yours truly,

A Reader.

Measurements good, except chest expansion, which is very ordinary. Remember that the athlete is founded on his chest expansion! (2) Always, as I have frequently told my readers. It is a heart stimulant and bound to weaken the heart in time. (3) No.

Sept. 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read the first three numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly, which I consider the best published, I beg to write and ask you a few questions. I am 17 years 10 months old, weigh 134 pounds, height 5 feet 8 inches, chest normal 32 inches, chest expanded 34, waist 30 inches, calf 13 inches, ankle 11 inches. I have tried road work, but a quarter of a mile's running winds me. I have joined a gymnasium, but can only do night work, as I am employed during the day. (1) What do you think of my measurements? (2) How can I improve my running? (3) How can I regain my wind? (4) How can I develop strong abdominal muscles, as mine are very weak. (5) What exercise will develop the shoulders? Hoping I have not asked you too much, I beg to remain, a loyal reader of Frank Manley's Weekly.

H. A. M.

(1) Work for an inch and a half more chest expansion, to go with your height. (2) You can improve your running by keeping steadily and faithfully at it, and increasing the distance just a little each week. No one can run far at the outset. It must always come by degrees. (3) By deep breathing and by gradual improvement in running. (4) Use abdominal exercises described in Nos. 28 and 32 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. (5) Read Talks 44 and 45.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read from No. 1 to No. 3 of Frank Manley's Weekly, and I think the books are just fine. Here are my measurements: Age 14 years 1 month old, height 5 feet, weight 89 pounds, calves 12 inches, thighs 16¼ inches, chest 29 inches, expanded 31 inches, waist 25 inches, width of shoulders 16 inches, neck 12 inches, right biceps normal 7½ inches, expanded 8½ inches, left biceps normal 8 inches, expanded 9 inches, ankles 9 inches. How are my measurements? I can run a mile with ease, but I always get a headache. What is good for it? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Yours truly,

A Would-be Athlete.

Your measurements are very good, on the whole, though your waist is just a shade too large, and you should develop another inch of chest expansion. The headache is due to too strenuous effort: slack up a little and increase the distance a little at a time.

Marlboro, Mass., Sept. 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a regular reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, and I am glad to see it is a fine book. I would like to ask a few questions about my measurements. Age 13 years 1 month, height 5 feet, weight 98 pounds, chest normal 28 inches, chest expanded 31 inches, waist 27 inches, thighs 18 inches, calves 13 inches, ankle 9 inches, upper arm normal 9 inches, flexed 9¼ inches, forearm 8 inches, wrist 6 inches, neck 12¼ inches, across shoulders 14 inches. (1) Are my measurements good? (2) Why do I have a pain in my side after running a short distance? (3) How can I cure it? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Yours,

E. W. C.

(1) Very good, except that the waist is a little too large, and probably flabby. (2) Pain is due, no doubt, to weakness of abdominal and chest muscles. (3) Gradual practice at running will

overcome the difficulty. By gradual practice, I mean that you should run as far as you can go with comfort and increase the distance a little from time to time.

Alexandria, Va., Sept. 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

This is the second letter I have written to you. I received much benefit from your advice. I am healthy and have no bad habits. Please answer the following questions. My power of concentration and memory are both bad. (1) How can I improve them? (2) Name some exercises that will keep my whole body quick and active. What I want is great strength. (3) How can I obtain it? Have exercised a good deal, but have not gained much strength. (4) Are muscular resistance exercises good? (5) Is wrestling good exercise for strength and endurance? (6) How can I broaden my shoulders and enlarge my chest? (7) Is rope skipping good exercise? (8) How can I master diaphragmatic breathing, so that it will become a habit? (9) Please explain the exercise called the "chest lift." (10) What muscles must I develop to keep the body erect, the chest well raised, and the abdomen contracted? (11) What will tend to make me taller? (12) Does one derive any benefit from strong, vigorous, mental suggestions? (13) If so, how are we benefited by them? (14) In what way does weight-lifting harm any one? As I stated before, what I desire is greater strength. I will do 'most anything to accomplish my purpose. Waiting patiently for an answer to my questions. I remain,

Yours truly,

A Would-be Sampson.

(1) Mental questions do not belong to this department. (2 and 3) Read Talks 44 and 45. (4) Yes, as a part of your exercise. (5) Yes. (6) See answer to No. 2. (7) Not especially. (8) By drilling at it so frequently through the day that it soon becomes second nature. (9) Would take too much space. (10) All the muscles of the trunk and legs. (11) General training will make you as tall as you can be made healthfully. (12, and 13) Questions beyond the scope of this department. (14) Too much of it makes one muscle-bound. I judge from your nom-de-plume that you are too anxious to gain great and clumsy strength at the expense of suppleness, agility and endurance—which would be a great mistake!

Sept. 26, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am starting a club, and would like to ask a few questions: (1) What is necessary to start with? (2) How heavy should the weights be for boys of from 13 to 15 years?

Yours truly,

Jack Winston, 2d.

A careful reading of Talks 44 and 45 will set you on the right track.

Hackensack, N. J., Sept. 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read your fine weekly ever since it was first published, so I take the liberty to ask you a few questions. My age is 13 years 8 months, height 5 feet 2 inches, weight 100 pounds, chest normal 30½ inches, expanded 32¼ inches, calves 12 inches, ankles 9½ inches, hips 30¾ inches, knee 13¼ inches, waist 29 inches, neck 11¼ inches, shoulders 14 inches, biceps 8½ inches, expanded 9½ inches, wrist 6 inches. What do you think of my measurements? Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,

Leo B. Blicher.

P. S.—I can chin myself ten times. (1) Are these stories about Frank Manley true? (2) Where is Woodstock? (3) On what railroad is it?

Get another inch of chest expansion; waist some inches too large; neck too small. Read Talks 44 and 45. Chinning fairly good. Increase the number by slow degrees. (1) Of course! (2) Five miles from Bradford. (3) On the A. B. Y. & Z. R. R.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 26, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I wrote you a letter three months ago, and would like to do so again. I am a faithful reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, and think

it is great. Now I want to ask a few questions: (1) Is a glass of water every morning good for me? (2) Is milk good to drink? I do not drink coffee or tea. I rise every morning and take a mile run; take deep-breathing exercises; use dumbbells, and then take a cold bath, and sometimes jump. (3) How long would you keep up running? I go to bed about 9:30 and have the window raised a few inches. (4) Is eating before you go to bed good for you? I also ride a bicycle a good bit of the time. I also play with an express wagon. Long life to Frank Manley and Frank Tousey. I remain,

Yours,

Robert Denehy,

1423 N. Front street.

P. S.—I think Tod Owen is all right, and likewise little Jack Winston. My measurements are: Weight 82 pounds, height 4 feet 10 inches, right knee 12 inches, left knee 12¼ inches, chest normal 28 inches, chest expanded 30 inches, wrists 12 inches.

(1) Take two glasses of water as hot as you can bear on first rising and before the run. This will cleanse out your digestive tract of the mucus that accumulates through the night. (2) Milk is a food, not a beverage. Rinse it around in the mouth several times before swallowing. Never use milk to soften food; chew your food soft, or the teeth will decay too early. (3) Better run as far as you can with comfort, gradually increasing the distance until you can go from three to five miles. (4) No, sir! Although it is a good plan to eat an apple or two just before retiring, but nothing more hearty.

Winsted, Conn., Sept. 23, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As a reader of your paper, I would like to ask your opinion in regard to a decision made by our umpire in our last ball game. There were two men out and men on first and second. The man at bat hits the ball to short, who fumbles long enough for batsman to reach first, the man on second going to third. The short-stop throws to first, and directly after this play the man on third goes home safe, and man on first throws to second, catching him. Umpire does not so decide. I claim that Rule 59 covers the play made by the man who is now safe on first, and as the other play was an entirely different move, that the run should count. Does it or does it not count?

Respectfully yours,

A. W. Baglin.

Assuredly the run counts if the runner from third reaches the home plate before a runner from first to second is caught out at second.

Milwaukee, Sept. 23, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read a few of The Young Athlete's Weekly and am now taking the Frank Manley Weekly regularly. I am much interested in it. I am 15 years 8 months old, weigh 119 pounds, height 5 feet 6 inches, chest 32 inches, waist 30½ inches, neck 14 inches, biceps 8¾ inches, flexed, 10 inches, shoulders 16½ inches, thighs, 17 inches, arms 23 inches, legs 31½ inches, ankles 9¼ inches, wrist 6¼ inches, calf 13 inches. (1) How do my measurements compare with other boys of my age? (2) What are my weak points? (3) What are my strong points? (4) I get up every morning at five o'clock, but only get eight hours' sleep at the very most. Is that enough? (5) Am I too heavy for my height and age? Thanking you in advance, I remain your constant reader,

Paul Tump.

(1) Tall for your age, and slender. (2) Waist two and a half inches too large; biceps a shade small. (3) A very good neck. (4) Provided you feel well on that amount of sleep. Most boys of your age need nearer nine hours. (5) No.

418 East 64th St., New York City.

September 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all the issues of Frank Manley's Weekly to date, and I have fairly fallen in love with them. I concluded to write and ask you a few questions. I belong to a gymnasium, but could get advice from no one. I sometimes get pains right above my heart, and at other times over my whole chest. I wish to ask you what is the cause of all this. What should an athlete in training eat at each meal? My meas-

urements are as follows: Height 5 feet 2½ inches, weight 123 pounds, chest normal 32 inches, chest expanded 33 inches, waist 26 inches, calf 13 inches, thigh 19 inches, ankle 9 inches, right biceps normal 10 inches, expanded 12 inches, left biceps normal 10 inches, expanded 12 inches, wrists 7 inches.

Yours truly,

Joseph Sebronek.

Unless you have some real heart trouble, which I think very unlikely, the chest pains are due to the fact that the chest muscles are not yet strong enough, and work that makes you breathe rapidly and deeply strains those weak muscles. If taking a very deep breath inclines you to cough, or irritates the lungs, you will then know that this is the case. The remedy is steady drilling at deep breathing three or four times a day, along with exercises that employ the chest muscles freely. You can overcome this tendency by persistent deep breathing and faithful attention to exercise. You will find dietetic advice in Talks 33, 34 and 35. Your measurements are out of proportion and show need of strict training. You are much too heavy; waist an inch and a half too large, chest expansion very poor, showing need of deep breathing drills. Your other measurements are satisfactory. Read Talks 44 and 45 on exercises very carefully.

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read your Weekly from the beginning to the present issue, I take the liberty to ask you a few questions. Age 16 years 3 months, weight 96 pounds, height 5 feet 3½ inches, chest normal 28 inches, expanded 30½ inches, neck 12½ inches, calf 11½ inches, waist 26 inches, ankle 8 inches, wrists 6 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points, and how can I strengthen them? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain, an admirer of your great weekly.

Yours truly,

R. W. V.

You should weigh at least 105 pounds, should have another inch of chest expansion, and should develop the calves more. Otherwise your measurements are satisfactory. In Talks 44 and 45 you will find abundant suggestions as to exercise.

New York City, Sept. 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read a copy of your interesting weekly. It is just the thing I had been wanting for some time. Kindly answer a few questions for me. I am 15 years 2 months old, height 5 feet 4¼ inches, weight 107½ pounds, chest expanded 33 inches, normal 30 inches, waist 27 inches, shoulders 15 inches across, neck 12 inches, biceps 10 inches, forearm 9½ inches, thighs 17½ inches, calves 12½ inches, wrists 6½ inches, ankles 8½ inches. (1) What are my weak points? (2) Are my measurements good for boxing and wrestling? (3) Kindly tell me what athletic sports I am best adapted for. I am following your instructions, and I hope some day to be a fine athlete. Hoping, as hundreds of others have hoped, to see this in print, I remain an admirer of Frank Manley,

S. A. T.

Work an inch off the waist, go in for neck drills to get a larger and stronger neck, and take up walking and running (distance) for developing thigh and calf. You have a build that promises well in athletics, but I advise you, first of all, to lay a good foundation with walking and running, which your very good chest expansion will make easy for you. You should do well at boxing and wrestling, and running will aid you greatly in both.

Raymore, Md., Sept. 20, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am an enthusiastic reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, and send you my measurements. Age 10 years 6 months, weight 67½ pounds, height 4 feet 9½ inches, neck 11½ inches, chest 26 inches, chest expanded 28 inches, waist 24 inches, thighs 15 inches, calves 10½ inches, wrist 5¼ inches. How are my measurements and what are my weak points?

Yours truly,

Harold Zimmerman.

All I have to criticize in your measurements is the waist line, which is too large.

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